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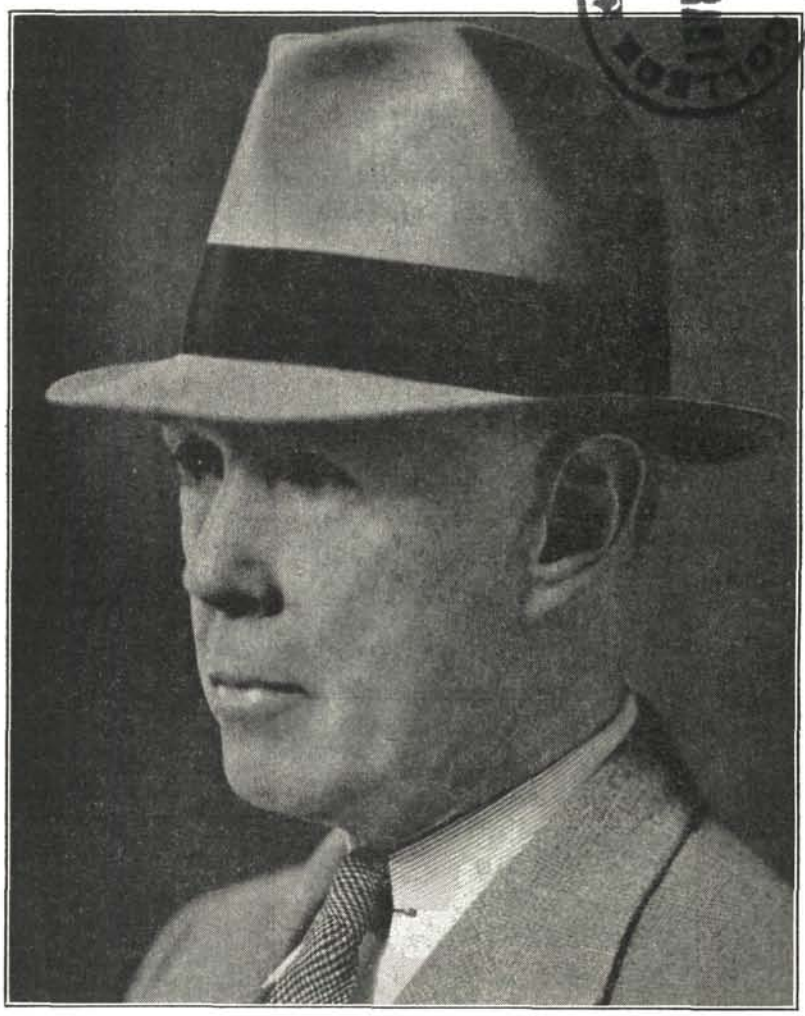

JOHN T. McINTYRE

"We penetrate deep into those obscure layers of city life that have long fermented . . . This is today's news, illumined with data the newspapers cannot provide"

. . . *(See page 5)*

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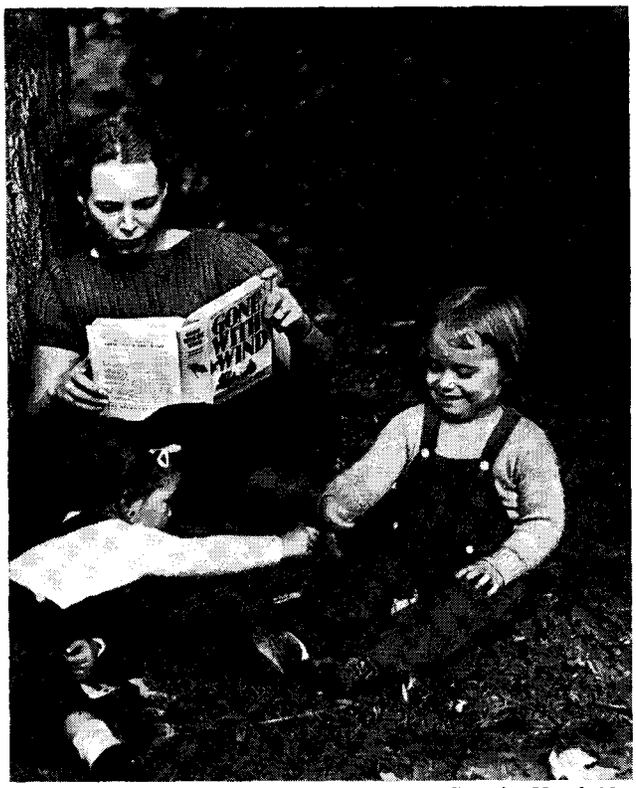
Who Escapes?

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THERE is usually a contemptuous accent when the literature of escape is mentioned. As it is colloquially tossed about, the phrase is derogatory enough to be of great use to the intolerant or snobbish. It connotes idle and easy reading, sentimental treatment, failure to look reality in the face. It is the tag attached to the impossible romance, to the improbable murder, to the unproven outcome, and it is the bad name by which criticism hangs the books and stories which deal with such situations, often stringing up the readers right beside the books.

The detective story is definitely labeled literature of escape. Neither the academic locale of "Gaudy Night" nor the tart dialogues of Dashiell Hammett and his school have disturbed the classification very much. The love story in which romance ignores psychology or physiology is usually clapped into the same pigeon hole. On the other hand, books like "Appointment in Samarra" are certainly literature of escape for many a virtuous clubwoman who is weary of her committees. It goes much farther than that. For example, the *Daily Worker* says, I understand, that the books of Donald Peattie are part of the literature of escape, the contention being that the last recourse of a dying bourgeois literature is to turn to contemplation of nature. Poetry is often regarded as belonging to the literature of escape, and there is more than one college professor who holds that all writing which is not purely scientific should be placed in the escape category.

So the phrase certainly has a heavy load to carry and its work is never done. People use it to pay off grudges, to explain their dislikes, or sometimes just to take a writer down a peg. Yet anyone can see that the writings mentioned above do not have much in common nor compose a school of literature, unless it be an ungraded school. Most of us play hob with that word escape and ignore much of its meaning. Of course it does mean a getaway. But it implies more than that, such things as danger, daring, cunning, or ruthlessness, and very often pursuit. The motive of escape varies. It may be noble or ignoble, and that ought to be taken into account. It may be justified or not.



Georgia Mansbridge

"'GONE WITH THE WIND' . . . WAS EASY TO READ, A DOOR LEFT UNLOCKED BY ACCIDENT. . . ."

But, first of all, in the literature of escape, who is the fugitive? Is it the author or the reader? There has to be a distinction made here, or at least it is necessary to know from which of two angles one is approaching the subject, because the discussion is not identical in either case. Writers who escape do not as a rule write for readers who wish to do the same thing.

"There are," said Edwin Muir ten years ago, and I have not since found it better said, "two ways in which a writer may avoid being assimilated by his age; one is by struggling with it and the other by escape. Both imply an intense apprehension of the spirit of the times." He goes on to point out that the literature of escape is a type of literature which will continue to be written as long as writers, like other men, adapt themselves in different ways to the world. The leading example of the "writer of escape" whom he analyzes is D. H. Lawrence, but he also cites Blake, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats as earlier examples, which certainly puts the escape writer in good company.

It is easier to bicker over his examples than to find a flaw in his theory that the writer of escape is seeking to get away from his own era and for that reason presents in his work an antithesis to all that the age stands for. Many people say that this is exactly what Hemingway is trying to do. I think myself that it motivates Kay Boyle, Robert Nathan, and many lesser fry who, to continue quoting Mr. Muir, postulate only two things, "a vision of truth and beauty and a world which does not correspond to that vision."

The writer who escapes, or tries to do so, is the god-driven victim of his own maladjustment and dissatisfactions, to be respected when his criticism is profound even if it only presents a contrast. He is not the historian of manners and not a practical reformer. Usually he is not a great novelist. But his attempt to escape makes him deserve some honor because of its bravery. He is ready to face danger and perhaps to take a beating so that he can be free of the world as it is. He may write without lucidity, but he is no panderer to fashion and he does not turn out any of those Cinderella stories which come most quickly to mind when the literature of escape is mentioned. As a matter of fact, he is a lonely sort of fugitive who rarely finds a refuge either for himself or for his work in contemporary favor. And if you happen to meet him, he is apt to act as if there were a price on his head.

But if you approach the literature of escape from the reader's angle, it is quite a different matter. Writers who come under this definition may be trying to escape from their era, as Mr. Muir points out, but those who read for that reason

Next Week

DE QUINCEY
By PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

ESCAPE TO THE PRESENT
By JOHANNES STEELE
Reviewed by Eugene Lyons

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usually seek only to get away from their immediate environment and they know well enough that they will undoubtedly be caught and brought back before very long.

There is more than one way of escape for these readers and they do not all go in the same direction. The flight of many is toward a more charming and romantic world than any known one. There is the common method of escape by which for a few hours a reader may be a hero or even a criminal, losing his own identity in the adventure or detective story. Constantly readers escape from the confining commonplace of their own routine, and get away from a reality that has bars on it. But, on the other hand, there are escapes from artificiality into realism. The story of the farm and field may be an escape for the persons whose feet are only used to tramping pavements. The story of "actual fact" may be the escape for the person who never does face facts in his or her own living.

If readers escape through realism as well as through sentimentalism, the interpretation which has grown close around the words "literature of escape" may have to be weeded out to allow room for a new growth. Can we get around it by saying that the literature of escape is subjective and varies according to personality, that the conventional escapes to the unconventional and vice versa? Is the literature of escape the literature of a world that any individual is most unlikely to enter in real life?

If one could truthfully leave it at that, it would be very neat. But facts get in the way. For example, more than a million people read "Gone with the Wind." That was not because it is great literature. Aside from any critical opinion, there are not that many people in this country who care about great literature. Then was it because of interest in the Civil War? If that was the case, why are not some of the Civil War records and stories which constantly appear read by great numbers of people, instead of withering on their publishers' lists? "Absalom, Absalom" has a far more tragic picture of what happened to a few individuals during the reconstruction period than "Gone with the Wind" offered. Perhaps the answer is that "Gone with the Wind" was a book of escape for a public hounded by economic essays and tired of the mounting egotism of novels in which too often the authors doubled as heroes and heroines. It was easy to read, a door left unlocked by accident, and a million readers escaped that way. But there is still a catch. For if it should be true that the vast popularity of that book was due to the fact that the public found it a means of escape, how does the desire for a change in environment come in here? The only explanation I can find, and it is a double one, is that there was for the ordinary person a temporary escape in reading about the troubles of a generation which had a harder time than this one, and that the story of Scarlett conformed to the ideal that has been built up by a generation which wants plenty of passion and has come to be distrustful of the happy ending.

The literature of escape twists and turns. It takes on new shapes under the grasp of definition. Perhaps it can not be defined at all except by the composite temper of some writers and many readers. But if a five foot shelf had to be filled with books suitable for escape reading, it would certainly reflect the social environment of the immediate period. It would show what the era lacks as well as what it provides. There would be stories of love, and surely analyses of how to get and keep it. There would be an array of semi-economic books, some Utopian and some practical. There would be escape books in the very literal sense, the books which tell of automobile routes and of trailers, where to go and just how much it costs.

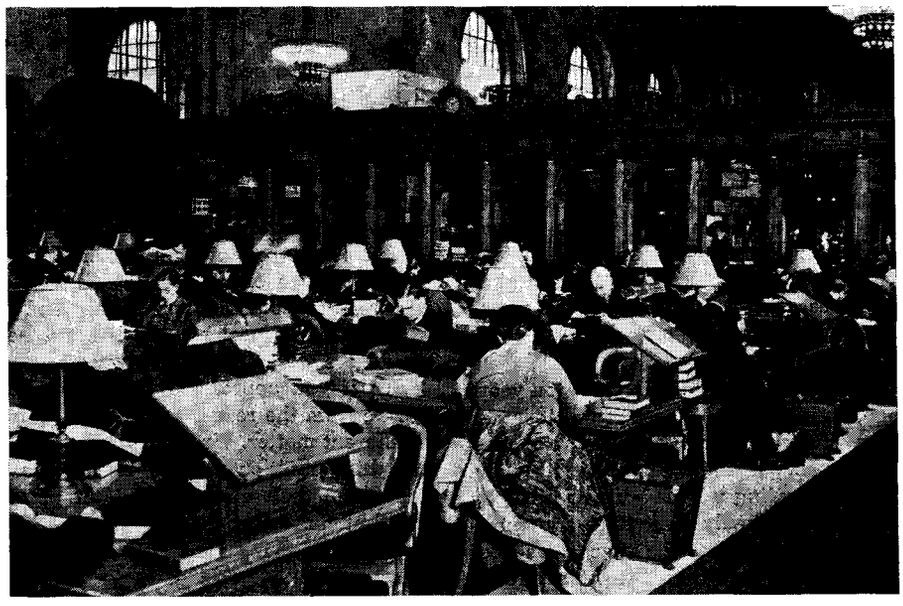
Other accents of the period would show. There would not be a great many stories of how to make a million dollars—that hope being out of date—but there would be a host of "personality books," telling the stoop-shouldered how to carry themselves better, the shy how to be bold, the lonely how to surround themselves with friends. The books about charm and the recipes for living are certainly escape literature for those who are not getting on very well.

One might mention a great many extenuating facts, but the chances are that in the end such a library would not contain much distinguished prose or beautiful poetry. For this the reason is obvious. Great literature can not be forced to serve an end. It will not be made into a cold chisel or into a file to get anyone out of a cell. And to escape one must have a tool, unless one shares the quaint ability of Peter Ibbetson to get out of prison by putting his arms over his head and "dreaming true."

All the books written deliberately to cater to or to arouse the mood of escape are not great and never will be. Their reason for being stands in their own light, no matter how clever, how accurate in detail, or how witty they may be. Here it seems to me that we come upon the first fault in the kind of literature. Too many books are written with little but provocation in mind. The authors of them are not, like those cited by Mr. Muir, trying to escape from their era by their intellectual courage. Not at all. What they want is to enjoy their era, and escape to them is a matter of leaving a flat for a country place or going from a small town to the Riviera. So they try to arouse a mood so general that it will give them a large public to wheedle and to tempt, instead of telling the truth and letting the reader's mood fall where it might. That is probably the only fault that the sentimentalist and the pornographer have in common.

I have another quarrel with many of the books which promise escape and it is that they do not deliver it. If they did, I do not think we could complain of them. When a great many people are unjustly confined, as they are at present, in environments which give them too little happiness and not enough enlightenment, and when they are haunted by fear and

(*Continued on page* 14)



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"The librarians . . . know that what is one man's escape may be another man's prison."

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LEANE ZUGSMITH

Brittle Compassion

"HOME IS WHERE YOU HANG YOUR CHILDHOOD." By Leane Zugsmith. New York: Random House. 1937. $1.50.

THE NEW YORKER has had a good deal of recognition for having revolutionized the humorous picture legend from the two-line question and answer to the one-line caption. But not so much has been said about the fact that this magazine has evolved a new form in short fiction writing. A *New Yorker* story seldom runs as much as 3,000 words. Plot is present in character form. Compression is vital, but a sense of illusive leisurely unfolding must prevail; a sort of conversational intimacy must seem to have existed for years between the writer and his reader. *The New Yorker* molded such stories, and by and large the best ones still appear in its pages.

Some of the ten stories of Leane Zugsmith collected in this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker,* some in other magazines. It would be instructive to try to guess which one *Story* took, and which one *The New Masses* favored. They vary in subject matter only; the voice is now and again the voice of *The New Republic,* but the hands are always the hands of the F-R Publishing Corporation.

And the stories are well done. They would be more arresting individually than read one after another between the covers of a book. That admirable manner tends to seem monotonous after a bit. "Room in the World" appeared in this year's O'Brien collection. "The Betrayal," which also deals with the hopeless problems of the exploited worker, is an even better sketch. All of Miss Zugsmith's conceptions are tragic ones; all are authentic enough. But despite her compassion and subtlety she is a shade too brittle and more than a shade too determined to deliver her message whether you like it or not.

Seething City

FERMENT. By John T. McIntyre. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IN the midst of the generally enthusiastic chorus which greeted "Steps Going Down" this reviewer found himself maintaining a discordant solo, with certain objections to that story's possessing "nothing we think about, nothing that happens in our own world." That book seemed rich enough in technical deftness and prolific invention, but it seemed also to be as meaningless as a beautifully geared perpetual motion machine suspended in air, with no attachments to transform its power into work. "Ferment" is quite another matter. All of that same deft power is here, but now it is doing something, telling a story that counts, working out some of the basic ideas and forces that are even at this moment crowding the news and forcing our attention. "Steps Going Down" was a prize winner, but "Ferment" is a finer, more thorough, much more significant piece of work.

WATER STREET STAIRS: *A scene in Philadelphia, the city where "Ferment" is laid. Etching by Joseph Pennell.*

The difference resides chiefly in Mr. McIntyre's definitions of his characters and of their functionings. The people of his earlier book were shadowy, "flat" types, interesting and incredible. Here at the very center of "Ferment" we have the half-brothers, Steve and Tom Brown, thoroughly developed with all the complexities of light and shade, of passion and irresolution, of the genuine quirks and angles of character, that could possibly be brought to play upon them. More than that, Steve is not only a flashy, smooth opportunist, but he is also an undercover worker for a strike-breaking agency; and Tom is not only sturdy, slow-thinking, sentimental, but he is also treasurer in a cabbies' union. Their story is the hinge upon which a greater problem swings open. As we follow them along we penetrate deep into those obscure layers of city life that have long fermented and are now emitting spurts of steam and stench. This is today's news, illumined with data the newspapers cannot provide: the machinery of labor politics, the making and breaking of strikes, the tentative grapplings for the strangle-hold, and the parasites of the labor world—spies, provocateurs, racketeers. It might be possible to doubt Mr. McIntyre's accuracy, so startling is some of his material, if it were not for the fact that the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee in Washington is now turning up the very same material in the course of its investigations, item for item.

The long, varied gallery of characters that stream through "Ferment" are tribute again to Mr. McIntyre's proven talents for swift delineation and for the setting down of hard, true talk. Sometimes it seems as though the book were made of talk. Not very much happens before us; almost everything has just happened or is about to happen, while we are listening to this modern dialogue-commentary as it gives us the mirror of action in racy speech. Yet every one of the speakers has a particle of the whole truth in him. As they meet, in one group or another, crossing and re-crossing paths, the effect is as of the shifting of the pieces in a kaleidoscope. Every now and then we suddenly perceive the design in the making. It is a subtle and difficult method, which works out beautifully here. One great advantage it has is to permit Mr. McIntyre a kind of objectivity which perhaps no other approach would afford. It gives him the freedom of being no man's advocate, unless it be for the good man against the vicious. The argument will be made that this is a cold and useless freedom, and that such books as "Ferment" should be written with more heat and anger in them; but it may be that those who hold this view will in the end be best served by the clarity and precision of such uncompromising writing as this.

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Hollywood Legend

THE GREAT GOLDWYN. By Alva Johnston. New York: Random House. 1937. $1.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

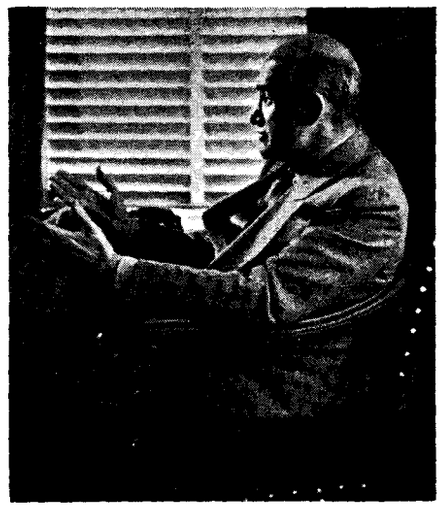
SAMUEL GOLDWYN, as virtually everyone knows, has two contradictory reputations—one as Mr. Malaprop, an assassin of English words and locutions, and one as the greatest producer of art for art's sake in motion pictures. Alva Johnston, as capable a writer and reporter as we have among us, is far too wary to vouch for the accuracy of either legend, but at times as he assembles his evidence he carefully says "legend" when it is fairly obvious that he is thinking "myth."

"The Great Goldwyn" is neither iconoclastic nor idolatrous. The Goldwyn pictures are more regularly superb, sublime, colossal, and magnificent—or at least, good—than those of any of the other studios; real triumphs like Goldwyn's "Stella Dallas," "Arrowsmith," "These Three," should go into the permanent literature of motion pictures. It is even possible, as Mr. Johnston suggests—though not on his own authority, the craven—that if Shakespeare were alive Goldwyn would have him. Some of the dismal evidences of fallibility in even the greatest human genius—"Cymbeline," "Titus Andronicus," "Troilus and Cressida"—might have been improved by correction which the author suggests as beginning like this: "It stinks, Wagspeare. It's lousy. It's terrible. It's ghastly. You're ruining me, Wagstaff."

On the other hand, art or no art, Mr. Goldwyn produces Eddie Cantor's consistently rowdy and profitable pictures, and he is not above an occasional device that will wow them and roll them in the aisles, because it always has. He does not have the gaping maw of an exhibitors' chain to cram and can take his time and all the advice he needs. This comment, however, does not affect the fact that Mr. Goldwyn's pictures are usually distinguished but it may help to explain why his ratio of quality is so high as against that of the other studios.

The Mr. Malaprop tradition which furnishes such an entertaining contradiction to the undeniable fact that Mr. Goldwyn produces articulate and frequently beautiful pictures may have any one or all of several sources. It seems possible that coming into the windy and rhetorical business of pictures, the former glove salesman may have tried rashly to beat his associates at their own game with lamentable results. The corollary might be that he accepted the unavoidable and took up a policy of strategic non-resistance, like a wrestler suddenly falling with the hold or the Russians retreating from Moscow.

There is a possibility, not too remote, that Mr. Goldwyn has a dramatic flair for the part of the inspired fool, an elocutionary Parsifal. That would not be a new role even for Hollywood. Mr. Will Rogers always contended in public, that all he knew was what he read in the papers, and Ed Wynn boasted that he was the Perfect Fool before commercial opportunity made him the Fire Chief. Gracie Allen would not be at large if she were the triumphant imbecile she amusingly represents. Wynn and Miss Allen are known to take off their clown's caps, away from the stage, but in the case of Rogers there was a question of whether motley was his only wear or merely his Sunday suit. The same holds true of Goldwyn.



SAMUEL GOLDWYN

The internal evidence, the context of Mr. Goldwyn's violations of literary decorum, proves nothing whatever. Some of his errors are too effective and too cunning to be accidental; some are too spontaneous to be studied. Many statements that are represented as Goldwyn howlers would pass from other men's mouths as whimsical or lightly fantastic or even witty.

If Nunnally Johnson had said, "Gentlemen, include me out," the remark would have been considered a shrewd thrust at the ordinary pomposity of diction in Hollywood business conferences. Coming from Samuel Goldwyn it raised a laugh from coast to coast, though it may easily have been the irony of a man irritated by too much pretentious gabble. A metaphor as weirdly mixed as the one Goldwyn applied to directors—"they're always biting the hand that lays the golden egg"—takes a deal of mixing. "I would be sticking my head in a moose," is simply incredible. "You're always taking the bull between the teeth" seems calculated, or else frenzied. Almost anyone might have said to a bridge partner, "Didn't you hear me keeping still?"

Mr. Johnston's hypothesis is that a fair share of Goldwyn's blunders are invented by his publicity men and that most of them are due to careless preoccupation—who cares about the American language when there is a picture to be made! The idea holds water. No one in his right senses, and there is no question about Mr. Goldwyn's sanity, thinks that Indians are kept in reservoirs, or that race-horses are ridden by caddies, or that trumpets (this has been censored since it left the Coast and went into the *Post*) are served with tea, or that people are "laid up by intentional flu."

Most impressive of the anecdotes that Mr. Johnston has conservatively interpreted are those credible ones which bear

DURING THE FILMING OF "BARBARY COAST"
From left: Miriam Hopkins, Samuel Goldwyn, Edna Ferber, Howard Hawks, Lawrence Tibbett, and Edward G. Robinson.

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on the curious character of the man. He is, according to one of his associates, "the kind of a man who, if he understands what you say, thinks he thought of it himself."

One of his productions was advertised as "the world's greatest entertainment."

"That's the kind of an ad I like. Facts. No exaggeration."

"If you can't give me your word of honor will you give me your promise?" A differentiation characteristic of an environment where ordinarily nothing but a contract is worth anything.

"I'm a fair man. I'll submit anything to arbitration," he said in a dispute over the services of William Anthony McGuire. "But remember, no matter what is decided, McGuire goes to work for me."

Mr. Johnston, with his crisp style and mature humor, gives some shrewd intimations on the solutions of the riddles of this "Spink"—Mr. Goldwyn's customary term for Anna Sten, which well applies to himself. The author's conclusion is that, "Next year is Sam's real silver jubilee. It is something for everybody to get patriotic about. The U. S. A. leads the world by a larger margin in pictures than in anything else, and one of the chief reasons is the Great Goldwyn."

Maine Pioneers

LAND UNDER HEAVEN. By Pearl Ashby Tibbetts. Portland, Maine: Falmouth Book House. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH P. KEMPTON

THERE is no artistry in this record of the growth of Aroostook County, but the book has a sturdy quiet charm. It is based on stories told by the author's grandmother, and in the best parts one can all but hear the old woman's voice. The narrative rings sound. This is life as it was fought through (with some unpleasant details of course omitted) in northern Maine a century ago.

The author's honest and accurate prose takes us, from the bloodless timber war of 1839, through forty years of struggle against wilderness, climate, disease, and unscrupulous neighbors, to leave Aroostook with her potato and starch industries established, a thriving community. Along the way Granny remembers a plenty: wild roses in June by the river, the first three bushels of blue noses planted among the stumps and guarded with guns against flocks of crows darkening the sky; Preacher Tucker, who found the rum before the wedding; wolves and catamounts, the first school, the coming of the Portland *Transcript* and the railroad; the Civil War taking every able man off hard-won acres, the women and children working on and fighting a war of their own against diphtheria. There are other characters in the book, three generations of them, but they are relatively unimportant. The one who matters is Granny. Our protagonist is a group-study, the Maine pioneer.

An Original Travel Diary

JAPANESE LADY IN EUROPE. By Haruko Ichikawa (Mrs. Sanki Ichikawa). Edited with an Introduction by William Plomer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

THE stimulating product of an original mind is this travel diary of a sensitive lady from the land of the Rising Sun. Her husband, head of the English Department, Imperial University, Tokyo, was in 1931-32 elected to an Albert Kahn Traveling Fellowship, and made a journey around the world accompanied by his wife. She, to use her own words, "played the part of a dry-plate behind the lens in the form of my husband, night after night, while he was intent on studying where to direct our focus of inspection for the next day. I sat up and wrote

HARUKO ICHIKAWA

down all the things which had cast their shadows on my mind during the day—a pleasurable task which resembled that of developing photos." The pictures she gives are sharply defined, well composed, clear. The reflections she appends are most unusual. The mind of this Japanese lady is amazingly mature; her point of view is fresh; her comments are tart and comprehending; her knowledge of world history and literature wide and sympathetic.

Mrs. Haruko Ichikawa describes her education: "It is limited to a girls' high school, and if I had deeper knowledge I should have been able to make more interesting observations." Her "observations" and deductions are among the most interesting that I have ever read. The series of pictures she presents, which stretch from North China, across Siberia, through Russia, to France, the British Isles, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Central Europe, make those stretches of the world live.

In North China, although near her home-land, Mrs. Ichikawa moved among people of a civilization antithetical to her own. She remarks:

> Mingling among people of great leisure with extremely strong nerves, I thought of various things. If I had been consulted about starting some educational organization in this country to relieve the people from their ignorance, should I have rejoiced with pure delight? This nation who have not yet got their nerves blistered with the stimulating fruit of the tree of knowledge, seem to be likely to inherit the earth and go on for ever, while the Japanese, Italians, and other Latin peoples go neurotic and mad. Yet as an old, great nation the people show no sign of decadence. They are permanently young, and show the tenacity and suppleness of a perpetually youthful race.

Towards the Russians she feels differently:

> They impressed me as being useful men and women, showing their bulkiness, necessary for the founding of a new world order with their strong, big marrow of life. They do not give me the same feeling that the lower classes in China give us, whom we would like to leave as they are without changing them. When we see Russians, we hope that education will spread among them as quickly as possible.

Mrs. Ichikawa found Paris fascinating, and her accounts of the Opera and of the Casino de Paris where Josephine Baker danced transmit this feeling.

Spain, the Spain now vanished, was a thrilling experience. Bullfights were to her "enthralling sport." When swimming against surging waves one feels "high-sounding joy of heart, and that joy I found in this evil scene." The chapter concludes with the prophetic reflection: "But if a day should come when Spain throws away the joy of the bullfight, the seriousness of the revolution would be worth noting."

Haruko Ichikawa is the granddaughter of Viscount Shibusawa, who was one of the first Japanese to go abroad. In 1866 he accompanied Prince Mimbu Tokugawa to France. In the suite was a hairdresser from Tokyo who had a violent misunderstanding with a Frenchman. The latter was struck by the orange peel which the hairdresser tried to throw out of the train window: "It was a mistake arising from Tsunakichi's ignorance of a thing called 'glass.' All ended in laughter."

Less than seven decades later, the granddaughter of a man who witnessed this scene comes to Europe with the history and literature of the Seven Seas at her finger-tips. How many European or American high-school graduates could visit Japan, thoroughly informed as to historical and literary backgrounds?

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English '37

The Novelist and the Reader: IV

THE most natural way to tell a story is usually the least effective way to write fiction. When you tell a friend an amusing incident of your vacation or, more artfully, an anecdote about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter, your instinctive method is one which a novelist usually takes care to avoid. You relate what you did, break off to explain what your wife thought about it, abandon her to describe what the traffic cop had been doing half an hour before, and leave him to bring in the emotions of the bystanders. You do the same with the farmer, his daughter, and the traveling salesman, being careful to make clear what was in the minds of all of them, for the flavor of the story comes from their saying one thing while thinking something quite different. You are the narrator, and it is your privilege to take any position in space that pleases you, or to occupy several at the same time, and to move in and out of the minds of all your characters as convenience may suggest.

Such a method will suffice for a smoking-room story but it is certain to create resistance when it is used in fiction. The imaginary world of a novel is always more or less at war with the common sense world of the reader's experience, but must never challenge its axioms. No one can be in more than one place at a time or learn what is going on elsewhere by any but natural means of communication—and the novelist's abrupt change of scene from Raleigh in Virginia to Elizabeth in England (or from John in this room to Mary in the next) is as unnatural as a magic carpet. The reader is willing to travel that distance from scene to scene, but he is not willing to have one place superimposed on another place in the same scene, even though they may lie naturally only a few inches apart. He cannot look at both John and Mary simultaneously: both optics and psychology forbid. When he is asked to do so, the puppet-strings become visible again and the illusion has been impaired. Again, though in a subtler way, the novelist has come upon the stage.

There is a certain tolerance, or area of indifference, within which this principle may be safely disregarded. It becomes progressively smaller as fiction turns from action to thought and emotion. No one can be directly aware of any thoughts and emotions but his own; he can read his own mind but he can get at the minds of his companions only by interpreting what they do and say. When the reader comes upon a group of characters in a novel, he must identify his perceptions of the group with that of one member of it, and the novelist would put an excessive strain on his belief by asking him to see the group first as one member does and then, a moment later, as another one does. The least effective scenes in all fiction are probably those in which the point of view, the channel of thought and emotion, changes as the speakers in the dialogue change. The novelist who tells you what Mary said, what she thought as she said it, what John thought as he heard it, and what he therefore said in answer—is employing a device practically certain to defeat his intention. The reader grants that if he were Mary and said what Mary said he might well think what she does, and he could certainly hear what John replied. But he would not, so long as he was Mary, know what John thought; when he is told directly, instead of being led to infer it, he protests. He cannot be in two minds at once.

Hence the narrative device which is more frequently used than any other, the fixation in one character of the point of view from which the scene is observed. The scene (not necessarily the whole novel) unfolds as this character experiences it, and his understanding of it is at least the first step in the reader's understanding. He is the medium through which the scene, with all its implications and significance, is transmitted to the reader. He is the means of perception: the reader's eyes and ears and at least the fulcrum of his judgment. His relation to the events of the novel, or to its principal emotions, may be anything from that of a bystander to that of the central character; but he is the novelist's vicar as an expositor and the reader's medium of engagement with the novel itself.

At the simplest he is a mere conveyor; he need have little more personality of his own than is required for reporting. Yet all the material of the immediate scene, whether unalloyed action or the subtlest and most secret emotions, must be translated in terms of what he does, feels, knows, and perceives. The greater the demands of the scene, the greater need for him to have substance, however, and the more complex the reader's relationship to him. Thus because the character himself has an attitude toward the events and the other characters concerned, his personality adds another dimension to the scene. There is the event itself, there is the other character as he really is—and there are both of them as understood by the characters through whom the reader sees them, as colored by his sympathies and prejudices, the extent of his knowledge and the defects of his intelligence, the eccentricities or insufficiencies of his nature. His deviations or known errors furnish another bearing by which the reader may steer a true course, a fact which provides magnificent opportunities for the novelist. The reader has a dual relationship to the character whose eyes and mind he is using: he in part identifies himself with the character, as he shares his perceptions, and in part uses him from the outside as a point of orientation. This relationship is one of the properties unique to fiction and creates one of the additional levels of significance, besides that of the immediate fact, on which skillful fiction may move simultaneously.

By confining the means of perception to one character the novelist accepts rigorous limitations of his freedom. There are many characters in his novel and they are all important to the effect he is striving for. The simplest of the corollaries that follow is sufficiently complex: he must manipulate the character in whom the perception is fixed so that the story will flow freely, the understanding of the reader will be precisely what he wants it to be, and everything will seem as natural and unforced as if the character possessed the novelist's omniscience. This implies considerable ingenuity in contriving to have the character in the right place at the right time for the right reasons ("plot" in the texts), but what is more important, it implies having the character see, feel, understand, speculate, meditate, guess, be deceived, in precisely the right way to precisely the right degree. It must all be done in character but it must all be done at the behest of the author. He must control every item of the scene but must control it in terms of the character. If John is permitted to see something which not he but someone else would have seen, the illusion is marred; if he is permitted to feel something that John would not have felt, it is destroyed.

John is a limited and fallible being but he acts in place of the novelist, who is

(*Continued on page* 14)

The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Letters to the Editor: *Librarians and Readers; Appreciation of "The Years"*

Clearing the Shelves

SIR:—I didn't mean to say a word about Miss Forinash's article, because it describes such a preposterous example of paternalism. However, as only one reply has been published, I am impelled to add my comment on a matter that affects, not an inconsiderable few, but many places where the public library really limits the reading of the citizens. The idea that any librarian is capable of knowing the minds of his reading public well enough to censor the books they might wish to see, is absurd. Even in library meetings, I regret to say, some misguided persons talk of what is "suitable" for their patrons and often declare that in the small community it is specially important to keep certain books from being read. That is an argument which always vexes me. How does the librarian know that *all* the readers in a village are fit to read only ancient, or mediocre, literature? Of course, the answer is, that if an exceptional person needs a certain book it can be borrowed from another library, which is not always the case.

If our public library shelves were to be cleared of out-of-date material and unused *sets* of little value, their places might be taken by recent books that intelligent people would welcome and in time these same libraries might acquire somewhere near adequate support.

At the recent A. L. A. conference Mayor LaGuardia spoke of us as "timid souls," which seems to me a justifiable reproach, as long as we continue to be afraid to cater to our most knowledgeable readers.

I would even go so far as to say that our country might profit by a larger number of citizens who through the services of our public libraries gained much-needed information from books of which some of the wiseacres would deprive them.

Very truly yours,
GRETA E. BROWN, *Librarian.*
Library of the New Britain Institute,
New Britain, Conn.

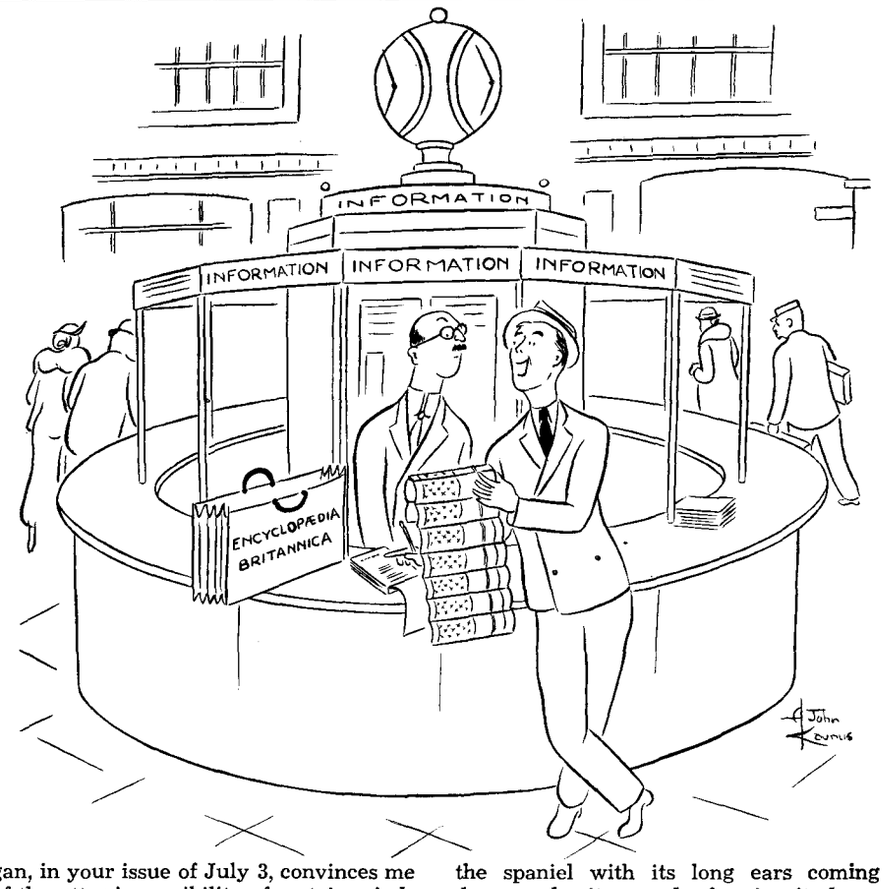
"The Years"

SIR:—Since the publication of "The Years" by Virginia Woolf and the many comments that appeared in the *SRL*, I have had a keen desire to express my deep satisfaction with it, but I did not feel that I could adequately express my responsiveness to its deeply-stirring panorama of moving life, of its intensity conveyed in its seeming every-day mediocrity, its tragedy, frustration, and its poetry.

To read the works of Virginia Woolf, and particularly "The Years," is to experience the highest sense of satisfaction that great literature gives us.

I have heard "The Years" discussed by people who are competent to judge good writing but who temperamentally cannot lend themselves to the contemplative, introspective, ruminative, slow-moving pace that is Virginia Woolf's. But to read such a dismissal of the book as expressed by Frederick J. Rogers of Kalamazoo, Michigan, in your issue of July 3, convinces me of the utter impossibility of certain minds to reach the heights in understanding great writing. While I am pleased that the sale of "The Years" has been gratifying, still I could wish for the return of the happy time when truly fine writing reached only the discriminating.

MARY GORHAM.
New York City.



Last Word on Pixillated

SIR:—Apropos "pixillated"—Van Wyck Brooks in "The Flowering of New England," page 211, writes:

> Queer old maids with turbaned heads peered from behind the curtains, quaint old simple-minded men hobbled along under the sweeping elms, "pixillated" creatures, many of them, as they said at Marblehead—bewildered by the fairies. . . .

JOHN J. CUMMINGS.
Chicago, Ill.

Flush

SIR:—A few months ago I read a bit in the Bowling Green which dealt with the similarity of spaniels to Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I copied it into my pudgy notebook and have carried it about ever since, quoting it with glee on many occasions. My aunt has a dachshund that could pass for E.B.B. on any dark night.

Today, reading E. V. Lucas's "Post-Bag Diversions," I found the same idea expressed in a speech by A. B. Walkley: "a somewhat formal fashion (of hair-doing) with heavy folds braided down over the ears and framing the face. The best illustration I can give you of the style is the appearance of the spaniel—just think of the spaniel with its long ears coming down under its muzzle, framing its large eyes and its broad homely nose. I happen to know a cocker spaniel which so exactly represents the type I am speaking of that its people in their literary moments call it alternatively George Eliot and Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

I like Mr. Morley's better, though. "Eyes of saccharine despond" is utterly delicious!

MORLEY BRAND.
Oberlin, Ohio.

FitzGerald

SIR:—I am writing a biography of Edward FitzGerald, translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Many FitzGerald letters have been bought by American collectors. If any of your readers can help me to locate these letters or can give me information about any FitzGerald material in this country, I would appreciate their communicating with me.

ALFRED M. TERHUNE.
Syracuse University,
Syracuse, N. Y.

Jesse Isidor Straus

SIR:—If any of your readers are in possession of letters from Jesse Isidor Straus, or other original documents dealing with his career, I shall appreciate permission to copy them for possible use in a biography of Mr. Straus upon which I am engaged. They will be carefully guarded and returned to their owners as soon as may be.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.
"Rockytop," Sebasco Estates,
via Bath, Maine.

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Pulp

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

SIR:—*I am sending you the enclosed article, which I recently wrote for an English periodical,* Time and Tide. *It may be taken as a kind of speculative foot-note to the very interesting account of Pulp Magazines, contributed to your issue of July 3rd by Fletcher Pratt.*

Yours sincerely,
ALDOUS HUXLEY.

San Cristobal, New Mexico.

The editors of The Saturday Review *welcome the opportunity to print Mr. Huxley's article, which interprets a field of pulp fiction not dealt with in Mr. Pratt's recent essay. One passage which paralleled material in the previous article has been condensed.*

ONCE, long ago, it may be that newspapers sometimes contained pieces of good news. If that was ever the case I have forgotten it. Nowadays one can never open a paper without finding accounts of yet another massacre, yet graver threats to the world's peace, yet more frightful scientific inventions. The bad news that reached me as we were crossing the Alleghenys belonged to the last-mentioned category. From my morning sheet I learned (with what a sinking of the heart!) that some brilliant technician had discovered a way of turning the hitherto recalcitrant southern pine into newsprint; that, in consequence, several scores of millions of dollars were to be invested in new paper factories; that certain companies had given verbal undertakings that they would not completely deforest the country, but that others had not; and that, meanwhile, the Federal Government was impotent to protect the trees; and, finally, that the new process would permit of a reduction in the price of newsprint from forty-five to twenty-seven dollars a ton. To me, this last piece of news was the worst. Cheaper pulp means bigger papers, thicker and more numerous magazines, larger advertisements, longer comic strips, more copious sports news, fuller murder reports, taller head-lines, more sensational party-politics—means in other words more lies disseminated to a wider public, more minds filled with more and (since increase of quantity must fatally lead to decline in quality) even worse drivel, more men and women enslaved by the vice of ever more pointless and indiscriminate reading. If only some benefactor of humanity would come along with a new process that would raise the price of newsprint ten or twenty times! But, alas, that much desired consummation will not be brought about, I suppose, until the forest reserves are approaching complete exhaustion. And by that time, no doubt, some scientific busybody will have discovered a method for turning bamboos into paper. And, in a suitably tropical climate bamboos (as every schoolboy with an interest in Chinese tortures is aware) will grow as much as eighteen inches a day. So that when the northern forests are all destroyed, the price of pulp, instead of soaring, may actually fall—fall to twenty dollars a ton, to fifteen, to ten, perhaps. And then. . . . But I had rather not even try to imagine what periodical literature will be like then. Even today, when newsprint is worth two or three times its weight in anthracite, a display of American magazines is startling enough.

It was in a considerable port and seaside of northern Florida that I first seriously explored the modern pulp situation. I was looking for a book on American geography—some elementary text-book that would provide me with a coherent framework into which to fit the bewildering impressions of high-speed motor travel. But, search as I might, I could find no bookshop. Pulp between boards, unperiodical pulp, was evidently not consumed in this particular city. But when it came to pulp in colored paper, pulp in monthly instalments of a hundred and twenty-eight pages, the case was different. In the main street alone I found no less than six shops devoted to the sale of nothing else than periodical pulp. From the brilliantly lighted windows scores and hundreds of highly colored female faces, either floating in the void, or else attached to female figures in a state of partial undress, gazed out from the covers of magazines. Sometimes there would be rows on rows of the same face. More often, however, taking pride in the extent of his stock, the shopkeeper would build up whole picture galleries, in which every head was different. In one window I counted upwards of eighty separate publications, each one with its own yearning or saucy belle. Abandoning my fruitless quest for geographical information, I entered, bought a few specimens in order to have the right to look round and then, flitting like a bee from flower to flower—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, like a blow-fly from garbage-can to garbage-can—proceeded to explore the shelves.

These magazines, I discovered, may be divided into four main classes: periodicals that purvey what is conventionally called film fun, that is to say mildly pornographic jokes and drawings in some way connected with Hollywood (a name that in contemporary America seems to carry some of the connotations borne in Victorian times by Paris); periodicals specializing in adventure stories; periodicals that print what are called true confessions and true romances, that is to say, stories in the first person dealing with normal sexual experiences; and finally periodicals containing stories in which sensuality is made more interesting by being associated with terror and cruelty. To me the periodicals of this last category were the most fascinatingly revolting. There must have been a round dozen of them with names like *Spicy Mystery, Hot Western, Spicy Adventure, Flaming Crime, Peppy Detective.* I bought one or two and read them with some care. From internal stylistic evidence, it was clear that in each magazine most of the stories, though attributed to a variety of authors, were written, or at least corrected and edited, by the same pen. In all of them the element of spice, heat, pep or what you will, took exactly the same form. Three or four times in each story the heroine appeared in torn or transparent garments and this was made the occasion for a brief description of her charms—a description which always contained such phrases as "she was all woman," "her glorious breasts," "columned thighs," "curve of the back" (a

Lost Clipper

By DANIEL HENDERSON

ONE who had known the *Cutty Sark,* but counted her long lost,
Saw among freighters slender masts by harbor waters tossed.
Wandering over the filthy ship, he found, O miracle!
The name of the clipper deep beneath the dull paint of her bell.
Living was she, but yet a drudge on seas her grace had swayed—
Her teak and brasses daubed and smudged, her slim hull scarred by trade;
Shunted aside by mastadons, her glory in discard—
Now enslaved by callous hearts for service grimy and hard;
Burdened with sugar, corn and staves, begrimed by Cardiff coal . . .
What if he strikes her painted bell—can he awaken her soul?
Can she recover the spirit winged? Again be an albatross
Skimming the seas to a palm-fringed port beneath the Southern Cross,
Singing under the fierce monsoon, mating with spray and sun,
Conqueror of the hurricane, and snares the fog has spun?
Can she once more be a buoyant thing with amber-colored spars
Flying out of the yellow dawn into a night of stars?
Who can quicken the falling star whose embers streak the dark?
It is enough that once men knew the glory Cutty Sark.

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curiously indirect and euphemistic description of the gluteal region). These passages alternated with others in which the heroine, still gauzily costumed, still glorious, columnar, and curved, would be subjected to flagellation and even mild wounding at the hands of ghosts or monsters, if the story was a mystery, of gangsters, if the pep was meant to spice detective fiction, of malignant cowboys or Mexicans, if the magazine was a Western and dealt with adventure. In due time, of course, she was rescued—but not before appreciable quantities of blood had been drawn and the whip applied pretty smartly to "the curve of the back."

These stories are like episodes from the novels of the Marquis de Sade—bits of "Justine," with all the eighteenth-century intellectual's philosophizings omitted and, at the same time, sufficiently bowdlerized to be acceptable to a vast and simple-minded audience. How large that audience is I have not yet found anyone who could tell me. All I know for certain is that this sort of pulp was for sale practically in every American town and village I have visited. It has even reached the Indian pueblos of the Southwest. Some weeks after leaving Florida I was taking a meal with an Indian couple in their adobe cabin on the Taos reservation. The only piece of literature in the house was a copy of *Spicy Detective*. On the wall the white man's art was represented by an oleo of the Good Shepherd and a very large colored photograph of the late Jean Harlow, dressed mainly in silk stockings and reclining upon a sofa. In the rancho of a Guatemalteco or Mexican Indian, I reflected, one would have seen only the Good Shepherd; Jean Harlow and *Spicy Detective* were symptoms of the higher state of culture attained by the Red Man in the United States. Nothing, not even Indian conservatism, can resist the march of civilization.

Ours is the first cultural dispensation, so far as I am aware, under which large numbers of men, women, and children have contracted the habit of taking regular doses of dilute literary sadism. The absence of historical precedents makes it impossible to guess what the results of this particular form of imaginative drug taking are likely to be. Quite possibly, of course, there may be no results—at any rate none so striking as to be observable by the sociologist. It is equally possible, on the other hand, that addiction to a literature which links violence with sensuality and consistently associates ideas of cruelty with images of pleasure may lead to a perceptible decline in the strength of those humanitarian sentiments which have been built into the structure of our minds in the course of the last two centuries. Indeed, it may be that the recent rise to popularity of this sadistic literature is itself a symptom of that decline—an effect which acts in turn as a cause for further decline in humanitarianism.

"Real progress," to use the words of Dr. Marett, "is progress in charity, all other advances being secondary thereto." In the course of recorded history real progress has been made only by fits and starts. Periods of advance in charity have been followed by periods of regression. The eighteenth century was an epoch of real progress. So was most of the nineteenth—in spite of the horrors of the early industrial era, or rather precisely because of the energetic way in which its men of good will tried to put a stop to those horrors. The present age, as Dr. Albert Schweitzer has repeatedly insisted, is an age of regression in charity. For example, eighteenth-century thinkers were unanimous in condemning the use of torture. Not only is torture freely used by the rulers of twentieth-century Europe; we also have political theorists, who are prepared to condone and even sanctify, in the name of their black or red political creed, every form of state-organized atrocity, from the flogging of individuals to the wholesale massacre of dissenting minorities and general war. Another significant symptom is the equanimity with which the twentieth-century public responds to written accounts and even to photographs and moving pictures of slaughter and brutality. By way of excuse it may be urged that, during the last twenty years, people have supped so full of horrors that atrocities no longer excite either their pity for the victims or their indignation against the perpetrators. Closely associated with the decline in humanitarian feeling is the decline in our regard for truth. Without truth, there can be no progress in charity. Men cannot behave better unless they know the facts in regard to which better behavior is expected of them. But at no period of the world's history has lying been practised so shamelessly or, thanks to modern technological progress, so efficiently, or on so vast a scale as by the political and economic dictators of the twentieth century. Yet another point: charity cannot progress towards universality unless the prevailing religion of the world is monotheistic—unless there is a general belief that all men are "the children of God," or, in Hindu phraseology, that "Thou art That." The last fifty years have witnessed a notable retreat from monotheism towards idolatry. The worship of one God has been abandoned in favor of the worship of such local divinities as the nation, the class, and even the deified individual.

Such is the disease of which, perhaps, *Spicy Detective* and *Peppy Mystery* are the minor and still apparently negligible symptoms. A cheapening of pulp will make it possible for millions, who cannot at present afford the price, to acquire the habit of sadistic day-dreaming. That is why the news of this latest technological victory over the southern pine is so depressing.

Mr. Huxley's latest book, "The Olive Tree," is a collection of literary and travel essays.

A CATHEDRAL CLOSE (SALISBURY)
From "The Cathedrals of Old England."

Private World

CATHEDRAL CLOSE. By Susan Goodyear. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

LIFE in the cathedral close, said the wife of the new Dean, had the look of unreality, the indefinable distortion, of the figures reflected in her convex mirror. But it is actually the isolation, the arbitrary self-dependence and self-consciousness which intensify trivialities in any community set outside the world by the specialization of its members. One for all and all for one can be a motto to inspire heroes; it can also mean that your business is your neighbor's, that you are your brother's jailer and mentor as well as his keeper, and that who was where at dinner last Friday night may disrupt beyond repair the tiny microcosm of world in which your fate has led you to labor.

The staff of a Church of England cathedral is in this novel a community insulated even from the city in which it lives. Here are, in small, all the human frailties and many of the human virtues. One of the canons having strayed from virtue on a vacation twenty years past finds, by a coincidence whose arm is long to spraining point, that his sins have not only found him out but followed him home. Scandal starting from backstairs whisper and ending with a Bishop's displeasure, agitates the Close, to fade away again under the gentle weight of custom and order. Miss Goodyear has told her tale with pleasing, literate ease, and with moments of real humor.

She is, so the introduction to the American edition tells us, the wife of Dean Mathews, who succeeded Dean Inge at Saint Paul's. That being so, it took courage to produce a story bound to be judged as part autobiographical, wholly revealing. It also means that she knows beyond question the world she writes about. The introduction implies that a good deal of attempt to identify this special "Silbury" cathedral, and its inhabitants, has turned "Cathedral Close" into a much discussed roman à clef in England. Stripped of this special interest the novel stands, for American readers, as an agreeable if unexciting recital of existence in solid England's rather stolid ecclesiastical circles.

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FROM THE JACKET OF
"THE MAKING OF A HERO"

An Unbiased Story of Soviet Youth

THE MAKING OF A HERO. By Nicholas Ostrovski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

WHATEVER the truth about the present state of things in Russia, Soviet literature seems to have begun to settle down. Today it bears a much closer resemblance to that of most capitalist countries than it did ten years ago. Thus, though this novel of Ostrovski's is propaganda, it aims primarily at attaining narrative effectiveness, and is not solely designed to convince the reader that all is for the best in the best of Red worlds. It is a good, serious, and not exceptionally imaginative story, somewhat above the level of the usual propaganda-fiction that has been coming to us from Russia of late. It deals with the rise, and hardships that might seem exaggerated in any save a Russian novel, of a young Ukrainian worker to the post of Military Commissar, with the early portions of the book depicting effectively the Red struggle in that region against the Nationalist forces of Petliura, backed by German guns and money. Later the strictly Soviet-style hero is wounded, faces blindness and partial paralysis, but lives to become a better-than-average proletarian novelist by the end of the book. Many scenes in his career are dramatic and moving, evidently stemming directly from the experience of the author, who until his recent death was himself one of the hopes of the Russian post-revolutionary novel. In writing and technique Ostrovski is conventional, leaning curiously to the Right at times, and even making the hero's boyhood sweetheart an unmistakable bourgeois. The whole presents a surprisingly unbiased picture of Soviet youth in its palmiest and most dangerous days, and is thoroughly worth reading.

Behind the Campaigns

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICAL THOUGHT FROM THE CIVIL WAR TO THE WORLD WAR. By Edward R. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

OF political thought in the strictest sense America has obviously produced little in the last seventy-five years; we have had no Locke or Montesquieu, not even an Austin or Mill. Mr. Lewis is therefore constrained to give the phrase a catholic definition. Under "political thought" he includes a great deal that is primarily juridical—in fact, a third of the book goes to different ideas of the Constitution and constitutional law; a great deal that is primarily economic, from the writings of Peter Cooper and other Greenbackers down to the latest treatments of monopoly; and a great deal that is primarily sociological. Among political thinkers we have Bryan, Edward Bellamy, Justice Miller, George Frisbie Hoar, the two Sumners, Charles and William Graham, Wendell Phillips, and William D. Haywood. We have Henry George, William Dean Howells, and J. H. Reagan. Mr. Lewis's book is really not a history of political thought in any elevated or abstract sense at all. It is a history of doctrines, prejudices, ideas, views, and emotions that have affected political action—legislative, executive, judicial—in the United States since the Civil War. Not a few pages present a history of political thoughtlessness! But the book is all the better for its breadth, and it breaks much new ground in a difficult field.

It actually falls into two unequal parts—unequal in size, unequal in interest and value. The first 230 pages are a treatise on constitutional and common law, with some pages included upon the nature of the state and of sovereignty. Mr. Lewis has good reason for giving this section priority. The three amendments added to the Constitution just after Appomattox, and the sharp readjustment between State and Federal power brought about by the Civil War and the completed industrial revolution, made constitutional questions the chief theme of political debate between 1865 and 1890. The author takes up case after case, decision after decision, under the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments. He writes with fairness; in dealing with the question of race equality, he is equally just to the school represented by Thad Stevens and the school represented by Andrew Johnson. Later, in dealing with the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, he is equally fair to liberals like Justice Harlan, conservatives like Justice Field. His general view is that the Supreme Court was prevailingly liberal up to 1917, prevailingly illiberal after that date. But he holds that it has always, and especially since 1917, decided questions "according to the inherent political opinions of a majority of the Court," and that the question of the limit of its control is still far from settled.

The more interesting and important part of the book, the final 300 pages, is political and not constitutional. That is, it offers a broad survey of the non-juristic and domestic issues (for foreign affairs are excluded) which have agitated the American electorate from 1865 to recent years; and it summarizes the views upon these issues expressed by politicians, publicists, professors, preachers, novelists, and what not. It must be said that to lay down a high-road through this thorny jungle of conflicting opinions, a road that shall command a view of what was important and exclude the unimportant, is a difficult undertaking. Mr. Lewis does not wholly succeed. His powers of summarization are greater than his powers of analysis and generalization. His arrangement of material is sometimes clumsy. But he has provided a survey that is highly informative—that may even be called encyclopedic—and that is frequently stimulating. It covers the doctrines of all the great parties—Republicans, Democrats, Greenbackers, Populists, Progressives, Socialists. It covers all the main problems of seventy-five years—tariff, currency, railroads, control of trusts, civil service reform, initiative and referendum, equal suffrage, and national prohibition. And it covers the ideas or near-ideas of the men who swayed millions, Bryan, Roosevelt, Hughes, Wilson, as well as the ideas of men who swayed smaller bodies in a different way—E. L. Godkin, Henry George, Charles R. Van Hise, Louis D. Brandeis.

It is no great reproach to Mr. Lewis, who has faced a tremendous undertaking and has been a pioneer in dealing with much of it, to say that this latter part of his book is uneven. The study of the evolution of public opinion on the issue of trusts and monopolies, from the extermination-idea expressed in the Sherman Act to the Van Hise-Roosevelt idea of discrimination between good and bad trusts, is admirable; the treatment of agrarian ideas and their contribution to our political development is very inadequate. Nor is it any great reproach to Mr. Lewis to say that, dealing with this tremendous array of facts, he has sometimes slipped and sometimes puzzles us by omissions. It is unfortunate to leave David A. Wells out of the book; to discuss the single-tax idea without reference to Mill's doctrine on unearned increment; to treat Roosevelt and his Employers' Liability Law at length without mention of the Supreme Court annulment of his first Act; to say

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that the Federal Meat Inspection Act was the "result" of Sinclair's "Jungle," which merely contributed to its prompt passage; in treating Brandeis to mention his "Other People's Money" but not his first and almost equally important book. The volume does not do justice to the extreme left-wingers, to men like Johann Most. But minor flaws are inevitable, and these are minor. The inadequate treatment of the agrarian groups is more to be deplored than the omission of the Anarchists, who never really affected our politics.

Mr. Lewis has written a valuable if by no means epochal book. It shows wide study and careful assimilation. In one respect in particular his volume should command approbation and gratitude. He rejects the economic interpretation of politics, which has such fascination for immature minds, emphatically; in fact, he rejects all monistic interpretations of political action. He sees that as a political animal man is played upon by a wide variety of forces, and with great frequency acts in absolute defiance of his plain economic interests.

All Passion Unspent

DUET IN DISCORD. By Elizabeth Garner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.

A SOMEWHAT acidulous love affair brings together a woman over forty and a young man of twenty-six in this sensitive first novel. A British island of the Lesser Antilles provides an unhackneyed and often enchanting background for the highly personal narrative, couched in the form of a letter written by the woman in the case after her lover departs for England. The plot is simple, timeless, and by no means cheerful: after a brief two days of happiness, the couple of the story are separated physically by illness, but continue living together in the close proximity of the heroine's isolated island home. Tense nerves snap, the young man quarrels with his experienced mistress, and a difficult time is had by all concerned.

Mrs. Garner has treated this hazardous subject admirably, with candor and a sincere feeling for the emotional implications of the situation. She also displays an unexpected and saving point of humor in writing of her island and its inhabitants both black and white, thereby rendering the otherwise grim little tale far more human and moving than it appears in outline. Indeed, all that the author has done in her book seems unmistakably right, barring perhaps the slightly cumbersome machinery employed to tell the story. Here is an unusual and attractive piece of work, unafflicted with the conventions of tropical romance despite its setting, and constituting in essence a remarkably able analysis of an aging woman's passion for a young man —a theme seldom done satisfactorily from the distaff side.

Nazism Simplified

THE SPIRIT AND STRUCTURE OF GERMAN FASCISM. By Robert A. Brady. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN C. DEWILDE

FEW persons approach a study of Hitler's Third Reich without passion, prejudice, or a definite point of view. Professor Brady is no exception. He is a convinced Marxist, and his concluding chapter is largely a philippic against capitalism which he holds solely responsible for the emergence of fascism. At the beginning of his book he describes the present German regime as a "dictatorship of monopoly capitalism," whose fascism is "that of business enterprise organized on a monopoly basis, and in full command of all the military, police, legal, and propaganda power of the state." Powerful interests put Hitler in power, and the Nazis have obligingly created a system which in essence is "capitalism mobilized to crush trade unions, to wipe out radical and liberal criticism, to promote, with the sum total of its internal resources, economic advantage at home and abroad."

ROBERT A. BRADY

Much of Professor Brady's book makes worthwhile reading. His description of the ways in which the Nazis have prostituted science, art, and education to their own purposes is illuminating. The same may be said of the parts analyzing the corporate organization of agriculture, industry, and labor. The whole work suffers, however, from the author's desire to prove at every point that Nazi Germany is a capitalists' paradise. The Labor Front, designed to end class struggle, is regarded solely as a means to enslave workers in the interests of employers. The Strength through Joy organization, which provides cheap recreational facilities for the laboring class, is condemned as machinery for "diverting the gaze of the masses" and for "manufacturing soporifics for whatever occasion may arise along the line of 'bread and circuses.'" Similarly, Professor Brady claims that the Nazi program of vocational training and the compulsory Labor Service have but one purpose—to turn German youth into willing and obedient "soldiers of labor." Nor does he see any merit in the Farm Inheritance Law devised to remedy the insecurity of agricultural tenancy or in the comprehensive marketing organization which obtains better prices for German farmers. While admitting that the corporate organization set up for German industry enables the government in theory to control businessmen "even to the complete and final expropriation of all their properties," he maintains that in practice German business dictates to the government.

Although Professor Brady argues his case ably, this Marxist interpretation of German fascism suffers from oversimplification. Fascism represents essentially a revolt of the middle classes against domination by "monopoly capitalism" as well as by the proletariat. Actually it is not so easy as Professor Brady thinks to identify German National Socialism with the interests of any one class. Regimentation and discipline have been imposed on all classes, and in the task of making Germany politically and economically independent from the rest of the world the regime has exacted sacrifices from capitalists as well as from farmers and workers. If wage rates have been kept stable, dividends have been limited by heavy taxation, rigid price controls, and enforced conscription of capital for enterprises deemed essential to the State. The tendency toward ever greater control and planning of economic activity by the government has not all been in the interest of big business as Professor Brady claims. A French Socialist deputy recently said that Germany seemed to be drifting to a Soviet form of economy and that the Soviet Union on the other hand was approaching a type of "Fascism of the Left." German Fascism and Soviet Communism may in the end prove to have more in common than most observers are willing to admit.

John C. deWilde is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

"The Better Sort"

THE MAGIC OF MONARCHY. By Kingsley Martin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $1.25.

Reviewed by GEORGE CATLIN

SIXTY years ago Frederick Harrison assured his readers that the British Crown had no political influence. It was an error which Bagehot contributed to disseminate. The King of England, in a crisis, has grave influence; even more important, as the symbol of the Commonwealth, he gives a tone as much as Pope or Mikado to the social order. Lord Esher, however, described the king as "naturally bound to the Tory Party." Is the king permitted to exercise this influence only so long as he embodies the myth of monarchy approved by "the better sort of people"? Mr. Kingsley Martin, editor of *The New Statesman*, in this witty, important little book, in effect answers "yes."

Edward VIII was a king who hated snobs; had a contempt for ceremony; subscribed to the fund for the wives of miners on strike; walked when possible unattended; welcomed new things; liked

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anointing oil no more than the great Elizabeth, who said it stank; broke taboo. The avenging ghost of Victoria—for, whatever else lost, the Victorian Age mightily triumphed—struck the miserable man like Uzzah who blasphemously touched the Ark. The new king has been crowned with mystic ceremony. Whatever the Royal Family may privately think, the better sort and the clergy are well pleased. The myth of "the wonderful king," sadly cracked, is patched up again. The hysterical fringe—as Mr. Martin records in choice passages—has discovered that crippled boys may be cured by the royal touch, and that the Almighty even obliges the king with good weather (He failed on Coronation Day). Apparently, if the Coronation Ceremony is duly performed, the very earth will give richer crops. And the British public adores the abracadabra. Mr. Martin clearly shows that.

There is nothing new under the sun, and human nature does not change. Also, superstition is permanent. Let us distinguish. I personally found the Coronation Ceremony fitting, solemn, and greatly moving. What harm, indeed, is there in the self-dedication of a king in a splendid and traditional ceremony? None. In repeatedly calling him in that ceremony a "ruler"? In the accessories, a Court and Nobility? Maybe, none. . . . But in Britain we have discovered that Edward's theory of monarchy, Scandinavian model—"king on a bicycle"—the best people loathed. Freedom of the Press or not, no correspondence in criticism of the Myth or support of Edward will, in decisive days, be admitted in the Press, Right or Left. The Archbishop of York, no less, has told us that the king is "the incarnation" of his people. What matters is the Incarnation; not Edward Windsor. A Myth; not a Constitutional Check. An "incarnation" cannot run around on a bicycle.

Perhaps a Confederate Republic would be more rational. But if this is not feasible, why not de-taboo the Monarchy? The Socialist Party had the opportunity of a king who was not an "incarnation." They repudiated it, led by Mr. Laski. Some actually liked a king as a sacred gramophone box. Others, more far-sighted, came to the conclusion that it was convenient to have a king as gramophone box of the Conservative Party—it would be easier to smash both. This, however, was the view of a clique.

"We know," says Macaulay, "no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality." That fit is now in paroxysm. Mr. Martin's attack on the magical theory—Jacobite without the inconveniences of Legitimist Reformers—is a solitary protest. Perhaps he exaggerates the importance of the lunatic fringe. But it must be confessed that some of the lunatics are in singularly high places.

George Catlin, member of the Labour Party in England, is the author of "Preface to Action" and "Study of the Principles of Politics."

English '37

(*Continued from page 8*)

infallible and omniscient. At every moment while he is working through John more must be done than John is naturally qualified to do. The more complex a novel is, and the more subjective its material is, the more John tends to become a remarkably thoughtful, intuitive, and speculative person. The path ends in Henry James's preternaturally sensitive onlooker, who is so concerned with the emotions of the other characters and so attuned to them that he almost becomes the heroine herself. Only the thinnest identity of his own, an identity forever being restored at the point where it was about to merge with Isabel, keeps him interpreting what she feels rather than expressing it for her—and reminds us that we are seeing her through him. Henry James is at the end of the path, but most novels go part way down it. Much of the spadework in any novel is John seeming to present his own emotions but doing so in such a way that actually he is interpreting Isabel's. He is acting for the author, but if the author interpreted Isabel directly, the machinery would once more show beneath the flies. The reader has been cajoled into accepting an interpretation because it is made partly at first-hand —it is expressed through a character who is within the fiction.

The relationship of the novelist to this prime character must be noted. As we have seen, the validity of the "I did," "I thought," "I felt," of a simple adventure story comes from their being within the fiction. The "he did," "he thought," "he felt," of any novel are flagrantly expository, but they come inside the fiction when the expositor forsakes omniscience and the reader accepts the limitation of perception to one character. Obviously there are degrees of the novelist's retirement into that character. He is only a little way inside when he reports what John said, did, and thought, and then analyzes these data impersonally. He has been absorbed much more when what John said and did sets up a mutual relationship with the analysis of John and dominates it in personal terms. And he has all but disappeared when it turns out that not John in himself but Isabel by means of John is the occupation of the novel, the point both of rendition and of analysis.

These stages—there are many more of them than we can note—move in a common direction: toward the presentation of John, or even of Isabel, directly in terms of himself alone, the immediate expression of thought and emotion. The illusion sought after is the illusion that behavior, thought, and emotion are being rendered directly. If not at the moment of their occurrence, as on the stage, then at least without being transmitted through any medium.

Obviously that illusion can never be complete. There must always be an expositor. But it is approximated when the novelist appears to drop out entirely, by working within character rather than by means of it, when he puts not only the means of perception inside the fiction but the perception itself. He makes the act of perception, that is, not something reported or assisted, but something in process of occurring. This is the most complex illusion of fiction, and in order to describe it we must consider the qualities of fiction that may be called dynamic.

(*To be Continued*)

Who Escapes?

(*Continued from page 4*)

uncertainty, anything that can be done to help the imagination out ought to be applauded. One has no right to be snobbish about it or to demand in everyone a precious taste. People need to escape from the menace which is in the air, and, if the trick of a detective story can make the mind impersonal and brave even briefly, it is all to the good. There is nothing to be ashamed of in any reading, no matter how slim the book, how trite the subject, or how flaring the jacket, if the effect on the mind is good. And, if you are reading to escape from your environment, the only test of the success of the book is whether you really get away.

But the lady who reads all about the most unconventional situations and refuses to allow her husband any margin of error has not budged an inch. The one who can cry over a heroine's troubles and be indifferent to those of the people next door does not escape for long. The man who reads H. G. Wells for imaginative escape and yet says that "human nature doesn't change" isn't getting far by means of his reading and might as well save his eyes. If the torrent of printed gossip does no more than enhance personal jealousies and dissatisfactions, instead of bringing about a broadened human acquaintance, that lets nobody out.

There is no use in making the effort to escape unless one has some chance of gaining freedom, and some ways are always blocked. No one can get away from an unsatisfactory and confining emotional life by reading about sex experiences. The physical environment remains what it was, human relations are duller than ever, and the mind chafes with a very unpleasant jealousy. Nor, as far as I can see, does anyone escape his or her surroundings by the constant reading of gossip in book, periodical, or newspaper. But with these two exceptions, almost all kinds of reading can at least offer a hope.

Any good librarian or any expert bookseller, who really likes his job, is aware of this. The librarians especially, being the most catholic-minded of those who deal in books, know that what is one man's escape may be another man's prison. They know when to pass a book

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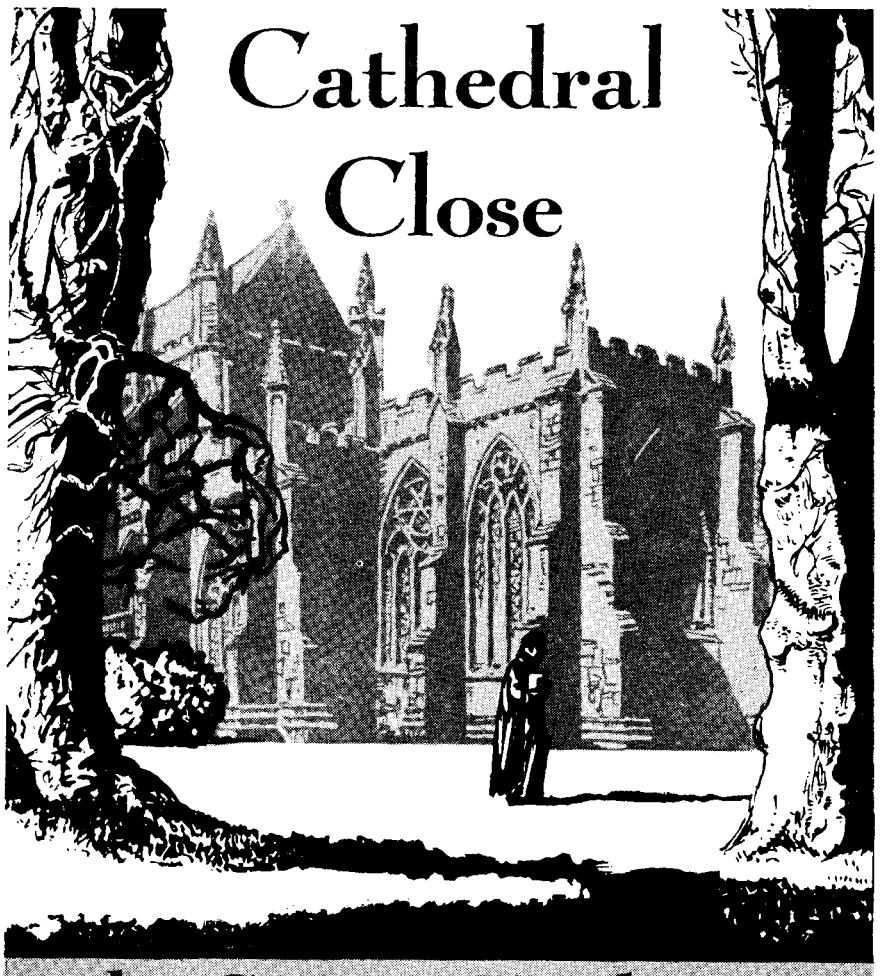
written by Sinclair Lewis over the counter to a borrower, and when it would be better to hand out a book on gardening. From much experience they have learned that information, poetry, fiction and argument all are ways of printed escape.

Most of us could agree with that. The times when one has made a complete getaway always stand out. The freedom of mind that comes after reading some books is not soon forgotten. Personally, I can remember it after my first dip into Irish poetry. It happened when I read "Mrs. Dalloway." Again, when I read "The Woman With White Eyes," by Mary Borden. This last was interesting because nobody else of my acquaintance read that book with much pleasure or benefit. But there was a presentation of some qualities in women in it which took me out of a puzzled period. The escape does not always depend on the merit of the book by any means. I have escaped through queer passages again and again.

I got away when I read Remarque's "Three Comrades" not so long ago. Out of the welter of novels that were tricky or involved and which seemed in many cases pitifully nervous and tired, here came one which was not cast down as long as life went on. It recognized desire in all its delicacy and in all its determination. It gave me at least, whatever it did to other readers, a sense of breathing fresh air, outside air, and also of being again a part of human society, which is the blessed release from the loneliness of individual mental prisons. The truth of the way the imagination is preoccupied in love was proven all over again. But when I read "Theater," Mr. Maugham, who is usually one of my accomplices when I want to get away from something, it was no help at all.

There is no possible use in a personal booklist. No one else can use it. The ways of escape differ so greatly that to attempt any absolutism about what composes the literature of escape is foolish. The writers who are trying to escape and the readers who are trying to free themselves occasionally get together. It does happen sometimes that writers and readers both get the same "vision of truth and beauty in a world which does not correspond to that vision." But one can not count on it, and it is not necessary to the individual's escape. What is necessary is to feel the great liberating scope of human desire, to see nobility as greater than ignobility, to recognize the universality of both trial and hope. Whether a copy of *True Confessions*, an unmarketed novel, a story of Thomas Mann, or the record of the Moscow trials does this does not affect the point. All you can do about it is to go around trying to find the loose bricks in your own cell.

Margaret Culkin Banning is a contributor to many of the large circulation magazines and the author of many novels which are among the best-selling fiction of the country.



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A Civilization Born in the Dark Ages

THE MIND OF LATIN CHRISTENDOM. By Edward M. Pickman. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

EVERY serious historian is at some time attracted by the problem of the fall of Rome. The general, philosophic study of history begins with the reflections on human destiny of St. Augustine and his follower Orosius. To Gibbon, why Rome fell, why classic civilization died, seemed the grandest of historical problems. To modern historians it is equally clear that the period contains a second problem of even greater importance. Not only did something die. Something was born. Mr. Pickman is certainly right in refusing to accept the view that the Dark Ages were an interruption of history, and in seeking the origins of modern Western civilization in fifth century Latin Christendom.

Like most prudent historians he refuses to attack the insoluble "why?" of the problem and concentrates on the recoverable "how?" And since his interest is in plotting the subsequent curve of Western history, he finds his coördinates in the realm of mind, without, however, making the mistake of regarding ideas as having a direction independent of material circumstances. His problem is how the Catholic Church came to be the core of the new civilization, and with appropriate sights from time to time on political and economic conditions, he finds the answer in a careful study of the intellectual history of the Latin West in the century following the first writings of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine.

In doing so, he is carrying on a line of research which has absorbed an increasing amount of energy in the past fifty years, a line for which the sources are pleasantly abundant, and in which considerable results have already been achieved. The greater part of his book is necessarily, therefore, simply a new presentation of familiar material. Some sections, however, do contain a more detailed treatment than has hitherto been available in English in unbiased and scholarly form; the latest findings are usually present, and the organization and point of view are original.

It is on this side, naturally, that the study is most open to criticism. In matters of emphasis, Mr. Pickman may be allowed his enormous admiration for St. Augustine, though some will find it exaggerated. And it seems, on the whole, an honorable scrupulosity which has led to playing down the dangers of intellectual degradation inherent in the triumph of Catholicism, though the assumption that, since Catholicism triumphed, it alone was fitted to do so, prejudges the case somewhat unnecessarily. These matters of emphasis at times clarify, but more often complicate, the difficulties of organization. As a result, a reader unacquainted with the subject is likely to be puzzled by the alternations between chronological and topical treatment, and to fail to perceive how Mr. Pickman was led to his main conclusions. Readers to whom the material is more familiar, on the other hand, will sometimes be impatient of the insistence on the obvious or well known and the lengthy repetitions in a new context of ideas already indicated. Such difficulties are probably unavoidable in a book of this sort which seeks to serve a variety of readers. For great and crucial periods they are intensified; no one could be expected to produce an intellectual history of the fifth century which would satisfy everybody. Mr. Pickman's work is hardly final. But it is a scholarly, well intentioned, and enormously industrious effort, thoughtful, and, considering the temptations, well balanced. On the whole a genuine and useful contribution to the study of a difficult subject.

European Yearbook

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1935. By Arnold J. Toynbee and V. M. Boulter. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. 2 vols. $13.

FOR years students of international affairs have looked to the volumes of the "Survey" for a convenient summary of contemporary diplomatic history. This latest annual transcends the compass both of a single volume and a single year. Writing in his usual sparkling style, Professor Toynbee has once more presented a great mass of material in a manner which is always clear, never dull, and sometimes fascinating.

The "Survey" for 1935 has as its central theme the overwhelming effect of Germany's resurgence as a military power on the policies of the European chancelleries. From the collapse of the Disarmament Conference the narrative of volume I moves smoothly along to discuss the project for an Eastern European mutual assistance pact, conclusion of the Franco-Italian agreements of January, 1935, the restoration of conscription in Germany, its repercussions at Stresa and in Geneva, the Anglo-German naval agreement, and the proposed Western European air pact. We have here, in short, a chronicle of the European reaction to the Hitlerite stimulus.

In the second volume, subtitled "Abyssinia and Italy," the long shadow of Berlin is also seen to hover over the battlefields of Ethiopia and the halls of Geneva. It was in large part the German menace which prevented Paris and London from squarely facing the possibility of a League war in the Mediterranean; and by all the evidence Mussolini gave full weight to this factor in his calculations. The whole sorry tale is told in this volume, down to what was apparently the last appearance of an Ethiopian delegation at the League Assembly, in September, 1936. It is told with a fullness, an insight, and a balance not likely to be surpassed until scholars have access to the archives. The authors make no secret of their personal convictions. They condemn Mussolini for his crimes but respect him for his boldness; but they cannot accord even the admiration due a display of courage to the yielding, face-saving policy pursued by the French and the British. They have been scrupulously fair, however, and have taken pains to give full exposition to all important points of view.

An Opponent of War

CLAUDE KITCHIN AND THE WILSON WAR POLICIES. By Alex Mathews Arnett. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by FREDERIC L. PAXSON

CLAUDE KITCHIN of North Carolina was never so fortunate as to have his name attached to a tariff bill, and it is accordingly nearly forgotten that for eight years, 1915-1923, he was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means and Democratic leader of the House of Representatives. It is just as well. He was not a significant national figure; and the issues upon which he rose to fame were those in which he lost. His stubborn conscience forced him to hamper the Administration for which, normally, he should have been chief of staff. He fought American entry into the war, and suffered all the pain that attaches in democracy to him who is out of step.

Kitchin came to his position through seniority. Entering the House in 1901, as a Bryanite out of a Populist region of the South, he was grounded in his conviction that from Wall Street came all sin. For a decade, during which his party was irresponsible as a minority, he sniped Republicans with impunity, and acquired skill in touching raw. But he had no important public life outside his seat, and the necessities of his job forced him into discussion of every issue and control of none. He became of the majority after the landslide of 1910; and five years later, Kitchin was made House leader, despite the hunch that he was already in opposition to the President.

He was an original Wilson man; but after 1914 he was opposed to any act that might lead the United States to war or lessen the ability of the South to market its tobacco and its cotton. He fought preparedness, changing his attitude toward the President as he fought, and persuading himself that Wilson was getting ready not for defense but for entry. He challenged the course of the Government as un-neutral, voted against the war resolution, and thereafter kept his hand on war legislation to make sure that wealth paid its share.

Professor Arnett has had access to Kitchin's files, filled as a congressman's files must be with letters received, but not adding much to the content of his speeches in the *Congressional Record*. He has done his best to make a great figure out of a competent routine politician. He fixes Kitchin in that small group of determined objectors to whose kind democracy owes much. But he does not help his book by injecting into it his own history and interpretation of the war. He dislikes the war, making clear his oneness with a disillusioned generation for whom it has become a matter of faith that Woodrow Wilson worked with "faulty logic" upon "false hypotheses," that Colonel House "had naïvely drunk deep" of British propaganda, that the United States was "highly unneutral," and that the war was a "tragic blunder."

Frederic L. Paxson is professor of United States history at the University of California.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS month sees the publication of two interesting books, one a volume of poems by a new writer, and one a biography of a famous poet, written in his century but now for the first time published. In "Prismatic Ground" (Macmillan: 1937. $1.75) *Marguerite Young* comes before us with a fresh and fragile talent, original conceptions, simple and yet subtle statement, and a handling of words that is sensitive to their color and sound. Hers is one of those feminine talents concerning which it would be idle to prophesy, but here is also lyric quality. Miss Young has learned much as a craftsman, without sacrificing spontaneity. She writes of the poetic experience thus:

Now on the mirroring
And unbelievable stream,
For songs like the flickering
Of minnows or a moonbeam
Shattered against this surface
In the swift impact of light—
I fling my delicate meshes,
I ponder and wait for the slight
Catches of dreaming, dreaming;
But who is this eerie being
Scaled with stars and bright,
This enigma gleaming,
In my far-flung meshes caught
And drawing the boatman under
The unfurled dark? I know not;
I sink with him in wonder.

The beginning of "Wild Deer" lingers in the mind:

Within a ring of moonlight
The lettuce beds were clear
Like cold and silver water
To the wild and gentle deer.

Here the use of vowel-sounds gives a particularly delicate effect. But these poems are not all mist and music, as is proved by "The Dark Wood," which still owes something to the method of Walter de la Mare, and by the following interpretation which, though the subject has been much used, has the writer's own seal upon it.

Lot's wife was turned
A pillar of salt,
For she looked back—
Poor dear! Her fault

That she desired
Her certain door
And shadows on
A cool stone floor,

The sleepy kitten
She did not bring,
The silver well,
The mirrored wing?

Ah, well I know
How I have turned
Like one who watched
A town that burned,

And he who lives
In what has flown
Is less than salt,
Is less than stone.

I do not say that these poems are perfect of their kind. There are flaws throughout. But there is also variety—no harping on a single string—and an interesting intelligence behind them. "Death in Lilliput" is a fantasy with human implications of the stuff of real imagination. Miss Young steps unobtrusively into the ranks of modern poets, yet with an air of her own, and I have the feeling that she will be heard from again. Some of these poems originally appeared in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* and *The New Republic.*

The "Life of John Keats," originally delivered as a lecture, by *Charles Armitage Brown,* has been known and used by biographers of Keats from Lord Houghton on, but it has remained unpublished for nearly a century. Now the Oxford University Press does us the service of publishing it with an excellent introduction and notes. It is edited by *Dorothy Hyde Bodurtha* and *Willard Bissel Pope.* (Oxford: 1937. $2.) As delivered in a lecture some sixteen years after the poet's death, it was his first full-length biography. "No new information on Keats . . . will be disclosed. . . . Nevertheless, the memoir, as a document in itself, is of the first importance. It gives the only complete picture of Keats written by an intimate friend and greatly surpasses the reminiscences of the poet written by Hunt, Clarke, and Severn, none of whom was closely in touch with Keats during his greatest period." It was at Brown's house on Hampstead Heath, Wentworth Place, that Keats's famous odes, his "The Eve of Saint Agnes," and his magic ballad, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," were written. Brown always befriended and championed him. In fact the championship, in this memoir, sometimes gets in the way of valuable reminiscence.

With Keats today firmly established as one of the greatest English poets of all time, we are apt to underestimate from memory how generally he was scorned by the English public and the reviewers. With respect to his tragedy, "Otho the Great," when Brown sent it in to the Drury Lane Theatre he notes, "not with his name, for (strange it now appears!) his name was not a recommendation, so utterly had it become a by-word of reproach in literature." *Blackwood's* principal point of attack had, to be sure, been on Leigh Hunt the liberal. Keats called down upon himself particular obloquy because of his association with Hunt. But, reviewers aside, after his death his very friends began to present "the unhappy spectacle of heirs fighting over an estate —in this case the manuscripts of the poems and letters and the right to make them public. The amazing quality of the performance is that Keats's friends put so high a value on papers which the literary world had deemed of no value."

As to Fanny Brawne, the comments on her in the Introduction should be read in connection with her recently published letters to Fanny Keats. She sometimes had an unfortunate way of expressing herself. As to Keats's death from tuberculosis, it seems in this day little short of incredible that the physicians of the time should have so long failed of the correct diagnosis. This small book now makes available the precise text and opinions of Charles Armitage Brown. Certainly no man could have wished a stauncher friend at need. In the last phase, of course, Joseph Severn carried on the devotion that Brown had lavished upon the poet, carried it through to the end. It remains a moot point how much the savage reviews of his work were responsible for Keats's death at the particular time that it came. But it would seem now that they had a greater influence than for some decades has been thought. One turns to the great work again, and can only the more marvel at the incomprehensible stupidity of mankind.

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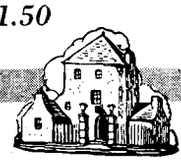

RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

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Report on German Writers

BY KLAUS MANN

IN view of the fact that all Germans who live within the borders of the Third Reich are no longer allowed to read—or, at least, can read only such literature as Dr. Goebbels doles out to them—the number of books by Germans which continue to make their appearance outside the German state is impressive. I am lost in admiration of the courage and enterprise of the German publishing houses in Amsterdam, Zurich, and Prague.

The most important of the recent German novels, it seems to me, is Bruno Frank's "Der Reisenpass" (Amsterdam: Querido Verlag). Frank, of whose sensational success with London theatregoers New Yorkers have undoubtedly heard, has in this romance written an outstandingly beautiful and mature book. It is the tale of a young German prince who, under pressure of conscientious scruples and exciting political circumstances, becomes an active anti-Nazi and an emigrant. We follow his difficult course as an exile—in Prague, in Belgium, in London; we are witnesses of his adventures, of which many are stirring and moving, and all the stages of his career are vividly conjured up before us. It is the best novel of German exile which has yet appeared, as rich in imagination as in perceptions, noble testimony to the belief it expresses in European humanism.

The Alsatian, René Schickele, offers fresh proof of his delicate talent in his "Die Flaschenpost" (Amsterdam: Verlag Allert de Lange). But Schickele is resigned, where Bruno is militant and almost confident. His hero is a man who finds himself at odds with his time and its collectivism; he is a frenzied nihilist whose most powerful obsession is a belief that his neighbor in the little hamlet on the French Riviera where he lives, actually a much feared anarchist "on leave," is the ex-king of Spain. Eventually in his frenzy he murders him. This mad act is the only incident of the book. For the rest, the charm and value of the work lie in its literary skill, in the graceful and bewitching fashion above all in which the landscape is blocked in and its atmosphere conveyed. René Schickele, who, like Herman Hesse, is far too little known in foreign countries, ranks among the finest and most exquisite writers of German prose and portrayers of scenery that we have.

A talent of entirely different caliber and of much greater force is that of Alfred Döblin whose new epic, "Die Fahrt ins Land ohne Tod" (Amsterdam: Querido Verlag) embodies ancient Indian myths and the history of the conquest of the Indians by the whites. If Schickele weaves his spell through tenderness, Döblin gets his effects by the power of his fantasy and by the strength and pregnancy of his language.

As the author of "Job" and "Radetzky March," Joseph Roth has already won an international reputation. He displays his epic spirit again in a brief romance, "Das Falsche Gewicht" (Querido), which plays in a distant eastern province of the old Danubian monarchy and makes a moral tale of the marital tragedy of a small official. The problem of innocence and guilt acquires urgency in remarkable fashion in the story. "Good" and "bad" have again become important distinctions in more serious literature, hanging together as they do with certain political experiences which we have all known.

From the region of the former Austrian empire there comes to us, too, a new novel by the historian Karl Tschuppik, "Ein Sohn aus Gutem Hause" (Amsterdam: Verlag Allert de Lange). But Tschuppik, whose "Maria Theresa" will be recalled by readers, is more ironical and skeptical; he lacks moral absoluteness, and singlehearted devotion to ethical purpose. It is precisely this profound moral earnestness which Heinrich Mann again displays; his moral intensity is as pronounced in the many political articles which come from his pen as in his most important novels. His latest work of fiction is entitled "Die Vollendung des Königs Henri Quatre," a long book devoted to the youth of the king. It is to be published in America by Alfred A. Knopf before long.

I am picking out only a few names where there are many which might be mentioned. As I said before I admire the courage of the publishers. We still have literary magazines also. To be sure, *Die Sammlung,* which I edited in Amsterdam for Querido, and *Die Neuen Deutschen Blätter,* which Wieland Herzfelde published through Malik in London, are no more. Recently we were informed of two literary reviews which are to be edited in Moscow, one, *Internationale Literatur,* by the German lyrical poet, Johannes R. Becher; the other, *Das Wort,* by Lion Feuchtwanger, Bert Brecht, and the labor poet, Willy Bredel. Both reviews are to be free from partisan connections and are to have wide range. To these two periodicals a third new publication is to be added. It is to be published by Oprecht in Antwerp, will be entitled *Mass und Wert,* and will be edited by Thomas Mann. All that is best of German writing, outside the borders of the Reich, will contribute to making this periodical worthy of its name. The first issue will contain chapters from Thomas Mann's Goethe novel, "Lotte in Weimar," the melancholy and intellectually intricate chronicle of the reunion between the aged Goethe and the girl whom he rendered immortal in "Werther." *Mass and Wert* will contain contributions not only from noted German authors but from Swiss, Austrians, and Czechs who in spirit are akin to the former.

The vitality of German writing has been in no manner quenched by emigration. The intellectual activity of the emigré seeks constantly to bind closer the ties between itself and its foreign friends. Especially is this true in Prague. There so important a publication is to appear as the collected works of Franz Kafka, that original religious genius whose discovery we owe first and foremost to Max Brod. The six-volume "Works of Kafka" concludes with a volume entitled "Tagebücher und Briefe" (Prague: Verlag Heinrich Mercy Sohn).

Intellectual life marches on; no dictator can destroy it. News of Lion Feuchtwanger's trip to Soviet Russia is awaited with the keenest interest in his forthcoming "Moskau, 1937." What will Feuchtwanger have to say to his "friends," for it is only to them that he addresses himself? To what degree will his impressions differ from André Gide's, which recently made a sensation among German emigrants? The events in Russia are of the utmost importance. Feuchtwanger has seen them—for instance, the trial of Radek—at first hand. The more Russia loses moral credit with the German intellectuals, the livelier waxes debate over the democratic idea. Politics and literature can scarcely be separated. The question grows constantly more important as to which political atmosphere is most kindly to literature.

And the discussion goes on—in every country in which men are allowed to discuss.

Klaus Mann, son of Thomas Mann, is the author of several books, the latest of which is "Journey into Freedom."

Migrations West

THE WEST IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Dan Elbert Clark. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES B. HEDGES

THE title of this volume is misleading. It suggests primarily a discussion of the influence of the West in our national development. Instead, the book is a story of the processes of Westward migration, based in the main on secondary works and following conventional lines of treatment. The very scale of the work precluded the possibility of any substantial amount of original investigation.

In part one, entitled "The West under Spain, France and England," Professor Clark has achieved his greatest success. By giving adequate treatment to the role of England's rivals in America, he has produced a narrative of the frontier to 1783 which, in point of balance, is probably superior to any found in similar works.

Part two, dealing with the region between the Appalachians and the Missouri River, is distinctly less satisfactory. Here one looks in vain for an adequate statement of the factors which determined the limits of southern migration into the Old Northwest, of the settlement of the Gulf States, and of the economic development of the lower Mississippi Valley region. Was not the formation of the cotton kingdom on the Gulf as much a part of the Westward movement as the creation of the domain of wheat in the Northwest? Because he slights this aspect of his subject, Professor Clark's treatment of the colonization of Texas in the third part of his book fails to make clear the fact that American penetration into this Mexican Province was a normal and natural phase of the Westward advance from the lower South.

Part three, devoted to the Far West, leaves much to be desired. Little of the significant point of view of Walter P.

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Webb has found its way into Professor Clark's pages, while the important contributions of Frederick Merk to a better understanding of the Oregon question are wholly ignored. The chapter on "Railroads to the Pacific" not only fails utterly to make clear the vital part the railway played in the passing of the frontier, but it contains a number of erroneous and misleading statements. The Texas and Pacific railway was not absorbed by the Southern Pacific. Henry Villard was not employed by German investors in Northern Pacific securities to look after their interests, nor did his policies develop in the manner described by the author.

Were the title of the book an accurate description of its contents, Professor Clark could not omit all reference to the Granger Movement, nor could he dismiss the Greenbackers and Populists with passing notice. All were significant contributions of the West to the American scene in the post-Civil War period. The terminal date of 1890 is also misleading. The influence of the West did not cease at that time; free land was not yet a thing of the past. The author should point out that homestead was of greater significance after 1890 than before. His treatment of this subject constitutes one of the chief defects of his book.

Any book on the frontier is, of necessity, an enlargement of the point of view first set forth by Frederick Jackson Turner in 1893. Professor Clark would have been more kind to the general reader, whom he professes a desire to reach, had he introduced him to Turner at the beginning of the book rather than at the end. A more easy and graceful style would give the book a greater appeal to this same general reader.

James B. Hedges is professor of history at Brown University.

An Irish First Novel

NO HOUSE OF PEACE. By Elizabeth Connor. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1937. $2.50.

THOUGH Miss Connor's first book is laid in a small town near Cork, it is curiously lacking in all the usual Gaelic attributes. Characters and atmosphere are relentlessly middle-class. The story centers around the dominating figure of the widow Kennefick, who with her son and two stepchildren is forced to live on in the family house following the death of her husband. Hatred and mistrust inevitably rule the ill-assorted household. The plot in the main follows conventional lines, ending in homicide and insanity, but leaving Mrs. Kennefick still in possession of her precious house. The author evidently wishes us to regard the widow as a horrible example, but has portrayed the children in so unpleasant a light that Mrs. Kennefick at times seems positively sympathetic. In addition, the climax, though clearly foreshadowed, is delayed so long that the effectiveness of the story becomes impaired. The best portions of the book are those satirizing village activities, or depicting the loveless marriage of the daughter. The whole forms a viable but not particularly striking novel, which seldom rises above a competent naturalism.

As a Sister Saw Galsworthy

MEMORIES OF JOHN GALSWORTHY. By His Sister, M. E. Reynolds. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH MIRRIELEES

THIS is one of those fortunate books which do not need to shout for a hearing. Its title and the relation of writer to subject assure it of one and assure it, too, of a predisposition in its favor on the part of an already existing army of Forsyte lovers.

Mrs. Reynolds disclaims the title "biography" for her performance—"I have merely tried to record my personal impression of his character"—and limits her comment to fifty pages, the rest of the thin volume being given over to letters. She is, however, unduly modest in her disclaimer; she is regrettably modest in the small space she allows herself. If what is set down within that space is not biography, it is at least an excellent substitute for it. Paradoxically, it is the more excellent by reason of Mrs. Reynolds's having largely kept away from her announced subject. John Galsworthy, novelist, playwright, humanitarian, dominates only the last third of the book. Earlier than that, he is "Johnnie," one member, and by no means the most important one, of a family as English as was ever Old Jolyon. It is the family which is the centre of interest, both for itself and for the light it throws on Galsworthy's upbringing. With directness and economy, the writer brings it before us—the leisurely progress of life in a wealthy pre-war English household.

> Head of a firm of solicitors in Old Jewry, he [the father] went regularly to the City every morning at eleven, returning every evening at five . . . with a small child's hand in his, he would make his careful rounds—stroking the horses and cows, watching the chickens and baby pigs, peering into the bushes for the latest birds' nests.

There is an expanse of grassed lawn for games, there are pets for the children, there is a roan cob which Johnnie drives, the coachman sitting beside him. There are governesses and preparatory schools, and for the boys Harrow (where Johnnie becomes Jack) and Oxford. For summers, "our father had started an annual custom of renting a country house with shooting and fishing."

It is the Golden Age—no haste, no huddling, no halfpenny worries to cramp the mind. For each child there is a dower of dignity and opportunity, and an almost incredible security in the possession of these goods. It is to be regretted that the memoir does not show even more than it does of this gracious and graceful early living, for it is here that the reader discovers John Galsworthy in the making. The events and attitudes of his later life—that he dreaded first nights, loved travel, received honorary degrees, was awarded the Nobel prize—these things anybody can relate; none but a member of his family can say authentically what went into the forming of the man. Some of the well known later happenings, however, do gain an added poignancy from Mrs. Reynolds's handling of them, from her reticence and understatement. The story of Galsworthy's twelve years of waiting for his wife is one of these. Another is the set of horrors leading to his sister Lilian's death. "The interment and subsequent repatriation of her Bavarian husband, Professor Georg Sauter, during the war, and the interment of her son Rudolf—had broken her always frail health." The detached quiet of the statement is memorable.

The letters which fill the second half of the volume have been chosen with "one object in view: that of illustrating points of character indicated in the memoir itself." They fulfill their purpose only indifferently. For one thing, they are mostly family letters, studded with the stuffy sentences which family intercourse requires. "So very glad you all had a good time at Wingstone." "We were so sorry to hear of the head troubling you again." "Ada is distinctly better than last week." For another, they have been subjected to a severe excision. Rows of dots appear with annoying frequency. Sometimes—notably in the letter of August 30, 1923—so much is left out that it is hard to see why any was left in.

But these are small points at which to cavil. The volume entire is a welcome addition to knowledge concerning a writer many of whose readers have loved him with a peculiarly personal intensity.

WRITING FOR THE PULPS
as described by
Harold Brainerd Hersey
in
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Reviewing Reviews

William Maxwell's "They Came Like Swallows"

TAKING up where we left off in our last appearance, we follow the question, Why is everybody reading "The Years," with another: Why isn't everybody reading "They Came Like Swallows" by William Maxwell? If any novel in 1937 has met with an intelligent and sympathetic response from the reviewers, this one is it. There have been sharp differences of opinion in regard to all the books previously investigated by this department; but the enthusiasm for "They Came Like Swallows" is pretty close to unanimous. What's more, it is not a special kind of novel, depending on fashion or literary snobbery for its reception; it is simple and human enough to appeal to almost anybody. It was a co-selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, with Millen Brand's "The Outward Room." Yet its appearances on best-seller lists have been way down the line, and at the present writing it's off altogether.

Ralph Thompson in the *N. Y. Times* preferred "They Came Like Swallows" to "The Outward Room": "Mr. Maxwell has set himself the relatively simple task of writing about a normal American family. He has taken an ordinary dramatic situation—one that he himself must have experienced—and developed it without pretense or affectation. Because he has genuine talent and absolutely no flair for banality, the result is admirable. 'They Came Like Swallows' does not merely augur well for Mr. Maxwell's reputation. It gives him one."

"Were you ever a child?" asked Lewis Gannett in the *Herald Tribune*. "Or even a parent? Here is a rare book, . . . an exquisite picture of a mother as seen through the eyes of her two children and her husband. . . . [The] book has within its modest limits a cameo-like perfection." "An intensely poignant story of human beings at a time of crisis," said Herschel Brickell in the *Post;* "a pure drama of the relationship of people and of what love and death can do to these associations . . . Mr. Maxwell handles this delicate theme with a complete appreciation of all its shadings, without sentimentality and with a deep sensitivity."

As went the dailies, so went the weeklies. "To call so delicate and fragile a story a family novel seems overportentous," wrote Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker*. "Yet this economical book gives you more than many meatier or—shall we say?—thicker family novels do, for it conveys, almost entirely by suggestion and implication, the quality, the bittersweet savor, of the quick inner life of a family rather than the mere multitudinous accidents of its existence." In the *SRL,* Amy Loveman concluded: "I make no claims of large importance for this book. But I repeat that it is a lovely one. I like it and I want to reread it." *Time's* reviewer called the book "a story of such engaging warmth that it would thaw the heart of any critic, will melt many a common reader to tears." *The Nation* and *The New Republic* were both favorable. In the latter, T. S. Matthews took issue with the jacket blurb—"the heart and humor of an American family"—to say "the book is better than that. I kept waiting, more and more apprehensively, for the humor to burst out and destroy Mr. Maxwell's delicate little story. It never did. I guess the publisher was just afraid readers might shy away from a novel that might make them cry without giving them a compensating belly-laugh . . . Mr. Maxwell does not attempt too much: his story has the tears of tragedy in it, but its finality is childhood's." The *Herald Tribune Books* called it a book not easily forgotten." The only unfavorable comments occurred in the course of Charles Poore's review in the *Times Book Review:* "The theme . . . is developed with acute sensibility but a certain deficiency of impact; and the aftermath is brief, so that the resolution is truncated. . . . His pages . . . do have a certain bloodlessness about them." But this hardly comes under the head of a panning.

Throughout the country the reviews are favorable; in fact they are almost identical. "They Came Like Swallows" has been heartily recommended to the subscribers of such diverse publications as *The Christian Science Monitor* and *The Chicago Journal of Commerce*. From the former we quote: "William Maxwell's work is an oasis in a day when many novelists seem to consider their field limited to either class war or the Civil War." From the latter: "There is great distinction in this wonderfully told story of a plain American group into whose midst has stalked the greatest tragedy and who are able to accept it on its own terms."

Enough quotations have been paraded to show both what kind of novel "They Came Like Swallows" is and what its reception has been. This department, so frequently an almanac of critical controversy, welcomes the opportunity to record the verdict of the foregoing overwhelming majority. Possibly it may do something toward keeping a good book going.

Erratum

By an unfortunate typographical error in the poem "From Men Who Died Deluded" by May Sarton in our issue of May twenty-ninth, the word "continual" in the third line appeared as "continental." The correct version of the first stanza follows:

This is the time to speak to those who will come after,
To those who will climb the mountain-tops although
The continual clouds have crept down upon us
And we cannot tell any more how far there is to go.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE ANATOMY OF MURDER *Various Stars* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Sayers, Iles, Crofts, Rhode, etc., consider 7 famous factual crimes from expository and analytical standpoints.	All interesting, albeit some rather pedestrian, with major honors going to F. Iles for acute study of Rattenbury murder.	For connoisseurs
MURDER-ON-HUDSON *Jennifer Jones* (Crowell: $2.)	Spinster realtress finds banker's body in vacant mansion. While she gives alarm corpse vanishes and the fun begins.	Effective story of small-town villainy with sufficiency of "quaint" characters, adequate action, sundry heart throbs.	Average
FINGERS OF FEAR *J. U. Nicholson* (Covici-Friede: $2.)	Penniless gent takes ghost-writing job in gloomy Berkshire mansion; sees ghosts, vampires, murders.	Here it is, gentlemen, piled on thick—Ossa on Pelion, Bram on Stoker, insult on injury, and eggs on HAM.	Woof!
DEATH OF A MERCHANT OF DEATH *Norman Stanley Bortner* (Macrae Smith: $2.)	Munitions magnate slumps dead in theatre as actor in war play shoots gat. Prof. Wells gets killer in jig time.	Sticklers may raise eyebrows at certain fractures of convention; but here is a good, lightning-fast, credible, and timely tale.	Satisfying
THE TRAP *Elizabeth Jordan* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Last sprig (fem.) of old Mass. family bravely settles in haunted ancestral home and dares ghostly gang to do worst.	In spite of grisly appurtenances, a light and blithesome yarn with much romance, humor, and enough Gothic thrills for seasoning.	Engaging
THE CHESS MURDERS *Means Davis* (Random House: $2.)	Endocrinologist envenomed. His fiancée and her pa also perish while sleuth Jay Gibbs wisecracks way to chess-problem conclusion.	Except for chilling description of autopsy on murdered doctor, this is amazing mixture of naive writing and silly sleuthing.	Stalemate

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The New Books

Art

THE COMPLETE ETCHINGS OF REMBRANDT. Edited by Constance Schild. Arden Book Company. 1937. $3.

Owing to the almost insurmountable difficulty of adequately reproducing Rembrandt's etched *ouevre*, the present volume in the Arden series of popularly priced art publications is less successful than the earlier volume of Dürer Woodcuts. So poorly do the very dark and very delicate plates come off that the collection can be recommended only for reference. Even here the publishers have failed to live up to the precedent set by the Dürer: the editorial comment supplied by Constance Schild lacks the authority of Dr. Willi Kurth's definite notes on the Woodcuts. It is to be hoped that the projected volume of Leonardo's graphic art avoids the pitfalls of faulty reproduction and negligent editing which invalidate the Rembrandt.

V. N.

Belles Lettres

SAMUEL RICHARDSON: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD OF HIS WORK WITH HISTORICAL NOTES. By William Merritt Sale, Jr. Yale University Press. $5.

Richardsonians will be indebted to Professor Sale's scholarship, and the Yale Press deserves compliments for the designing and printing of this volume. An admirable innovation in bibliographical method is the reproduction, in oversize margins, of the title-pages of the editions collated.

L. H. B.

SHELLEY'S RELIGION. By Ellsworth Barnard. University of Minnesota Press. 1937. $3.50.

"Everyone who knows Shelley's work," says Mr. Barnard, "knows that he had a religion—unless religion is to be limited to some kind of religious *orthodoxy*." This book is a close, concentrated, and well-documented study of Shelley's intellectual and spiritual growth from his crude early rationalism to a living and increasingly mystical faith in a Spirit of Love and Good and Beauty. The general theme is familiar, but Mr. Barnard brings to it scholarly thoroughness and, what is more important, a fresh and individual vitality. If the volume shows any sign of youth, it is that the author, unlike most scholars, writes out of his heart as well as his head. And, with all his fervent reverence for his ideal poet, Mr. Barnard, unlike many Shelleyans, is not content with large affirmations and the beating of luminous wings. On all the century-old problems of interpretation—Shelley's conceptions of God, Christ and immortality, love, good and evil—he has illuminating and trenchant things to say. He knocks about a number of anti-Shelleyans in the process, not, however, in mere polemical exuberance but in the conviction that Shelley's fundamentally Christian beliefs and aspirations have been wrongly attacked by his enemies or often wrongly defended by his friends. It is possible to disagree with much of Mr. Barnard's exposition—as this unregenerate reviewer does—but it is also possible, for one who has read pretty much all the Shelley criticism extant, to think that this book, with its high-souled ardor and keen-minded argument, has the rare power of compelling a reader lukewarm or hostile toward Shelley to scrutinize and defend his own opinions. Mr. Barnard has been kindled by the Promethean fire (in the Shelleyan sense of the phrase), and of a young scholar-critic who has such a vital and philosophic concern with essential things in poetry much may be expected in the future. The present volume contains not only promise but achievement.

D. B.

Fiction

ELEVENTH HOUR. By Robert Clive. Norton. 1937. $2.

Robert Clive was a newspaperman in Berlin during that tense and sultry eleventh hour when the Socialist government was fencing weakly against the Nazi bludgeon, and he has drawn heavily upon his memories of the period to make a background for his novel. It is a love story colored, or discolored, by the malaise of the thirties, hard-bitten, bitter, tough, and sweet by turns, after the manner of our most eminent reticent romanticist. Exhibit A, being the last two sentences of the book, will reveal the unmistakable influence: "I picked up my coat and went down into the street. It was raining and very cold." The story does not suffer too much for being derivative in style, for it is readable every page of the way. The aimlessly light and brittle talk of its characters, who seem to be whistling while their Rome burns, contrasts very well with the heavy rumbling of forces behind the scenes, as Berlin falls to the brown-shirts. The lovers themselves are less effective. They are, in fact, imperfectly realized, and make little impression upon us as characters. They are, in accordance with the book's major tone, laconic and off-hand about their love and their tragedy. But that is doing only half the trick. The other half is to convince us that behind their tight speech is a great, almost irrepressible reservoir of passion. Hemingway can always do that, and his derivatives almost never. Mr. Clive's Peter and Caroline seem scarcely convinced of their sorrow, and we are even less likely to believe in it. They appear, at last, to be hollow figures filled with the echoes of events more pretentous than their own lives.

N. L. R.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE. By Alberto Moravia. Viking. 1937. $2.50.

Signor Moravia's characters are full of worldly ambitions, all destined to be thwarted cruelly in the course of this accomplished example of modern Italian story-telling, which is more cynical on the surface than at the core. Pietro Monatti, who is as near a hero as the book affords, wishes to make a good marriage, but is afraid of being taken for the climber that he is. The woman he loves, the courtesan Andreina Malacrida, cares little for the world's opinion, but is trying desperately to regularize her position by marrying the middle-aged Marchese whose mistress she is. Upon this intrigue with its web of cross-purposes depends the lengthy and complicated, yet always close-knit melodramatic plot, which culminates after a brace of particularly cold-blooded seductions in robbery and murder when Andreina fails to attain her goal and turns to revenge.

It is not surprising that the fascist powers declined to bless this far from pretty picture of Roman life in spite of its resolute avoidance of political commentary. Certainly the book is curiously dark in tone, and un-Latin in its complete lack of gayety. No character emerges at the end with any great credit. Nearly all are presented in an astonishingly hard and unsympathetic light—one, at least, is definitely a monster. Yet all have vitality and are credible types. The author, in short, shows dramatic and satiric powers of the first order in his treatment of Andreina's tragic glissade, and triumphs over the somewhat forbidding material. He has evidently studied the Russian and French masters with profit. Dostoievsky and Proust grafted on a soundly romantic Italian stem have here produced a strange yet interesting fruit.

T. P., JR.

THE STRIKERS. By Goetze Jeter. Stokes. 1937. $2.50.

Mr. Jeter is profoundly convinced that a strike is an evil thing, and he offers us documentary proof in the guise of a novel. "The Strikers" studies a small New England town which centers its economic life about a shoe factory that employs most of its labor. An agitator whips the hitherto contented men into discontent, and they strike. Now we observe this central point of action sending its ripples out to touch every part of that town's existence. All business suffers, so that one tradesman takes his life in despair. Certain of the strikers rush wildly through the town, drunk and violent, while others watch their wives go hungry and begin to mutter against their leaders. There is a general breakdown of moral fiber; this strike seems a breeder of stealing, vagrancy, and every sort of kicking over the traces. At last the tension rises to fever heat, at

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the highest pitch of which the agitator is lynched. The strike has failed, and the men go back to work with nothing gained save the consciousness of breaches that have opened and will not soon close again. This is Mr. Jeter's story, and his moral is clear. It is not, however, a convincing or a logical moral, since it is the product of so carefully selected a set of hypotheses, and since the sharp divergence between this strange strike and any strike we can read of in labor history points a moral of its own. Mr. Jeter dissipates his case, and his audience, by presenting so badly garbled a version of what strikes are like.

N. L. R.

Miscellaneous

THE DEATH OF AN EMPIRE. By Imre Balassa. Hillman-Curl. 1937. $3.

This short book—it is a very short book in spite of the ponderous format in which its American publisher has dressed it—gives a popular account of the brief reign of Karl I, the last emperor of Austria and king of Hungary, who succeeded Franz Joseph in 1916 and was dethroned after the armistice in 1918, and some notice of his two abortive attempts to regain the throne of Hungary, and of his life in exile until his death in 1922. Even with the avowed bias of a Hungarian royalist, the author cannot succeed in making Karl seem a heroic figure; he does make him seem an amiable and unfortunate young man. American readers will find this a readable narrative and a clear presentation of the case for a Hapsburg restoration. As such it may yet come to have current interest.

G. M.

RESTORATION CARNIVAL: CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA AND THE COURT OF CHARLES II. By Maurice Bethell Jones. Messner. 1937. $3.

The amours and intrigues and robust goings on of the court of Charles II are pretty familiar these days to readers of popular biography, but so far they have not been told from the point of view of Charles's Portuguese consort. In the memoirs of that time Catherine of Braganza is a pale, shadowy figure, passive, neutral, only vaguely pathetic; she remains so even under highly fictionalized treatment. Nevertheless this is a sprightly, readable narrative, reasonably coherent, reasonably authentic, and just the dish for those who enjoy history as a supplement to the tabloids.

G. M.

Religion

WORSHIP. By Evelyn Underhill. Harpers. 1937. $3.

Miss Underhill's volume deals particularly with the practices of public worship in the various churches and sects of Christendom. In describing the various forms of public worship, the eucharistic worship of the Roman and the Orthodox mass, the more Biblical and hortative forms of the puritan sects, the quietistic worship of the Quakers, and the sacramental and Biblical emphases of the Lutheran churches, she develops her sympathies to a catholic appreciation for every type of worship. She sees in each one a note that belongs to a general symphony of adoration and would feign persuade the church to adopt all of them, insofar as they serve any genuine service of adoration. Her own preferences, as a member of the Church of England, is for a "devotional and liturgical path at once Eucharistic and Evangelical." As a member of the Anglo-Catholic wing of that church, she is particularly interested in the revival of eucharistic forms of worship in the church. "Without such concrete and costly expression, carried to its utmost limits," she says, "Christian adoration can not be complete."

Miss Underhill's book might well have a salutary effect upon public worship in American churches. American Christianity is primarily informed by the traditions of non-conformity. Its public services have frequently lost the spontaneity of the early revivals without having acquired any of the beauty and dignity of liturgical worship. The consequent aridity or vulgarity of the church service represents one of the most serious problems of American church life.

This is consequently a book which deserves a wider reading among American church people than, unfortunately, it is likely to get.

R. N.

Travel

NORTH TO THE RIME-RIMMED SUN. By Isabel W. Hutchinson. Hillman-Curl. 1937. $2.50.

It is hard to write with patience of such a book as this; not that it is bad, or quite stupid, or positive in any way; it is just so consistently drab and so sure that all its mousey details are deserving of record that this charitable reader must protest it an imposition. The author traveled alone through Alaska in search of wild flowers for Kew Gardens and native curios for Cambridge University. There would be no question of her courage even if she were not at pains to accent it. She traveled by dog sled when the temperature was —58 Fahrenheit, took long trips in small boats and lived for weeks at a time in the shacks of half-caste Eskimo men. One must assume from her meticulous appendices that she made a fine job of collecting, but her book material is astonishingly scant. Could she learn nothing of the strange exiles of that frozen waste? The missionaries, the Indians, the bitten traders? Was there left no color in her memory but that which she has rendered, adequately enough, in the illustrations? Did only Americans make her laugh? This is a long and laborious record of opportunities missed.

H. D.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 172)

PERCY MACKAYE—"TREES OF HARVARD."

Yet fungus will infect
The living tissue and the limb will fall:
Alike in soaring elm and intellect
The cankering worm will bore and spin the pall
Of aspiration; yet if this were all
Our world of dreams had long ago been wrecked.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old-time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

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IF CRAVING cultured company and commendable cuisine, consider Interlaken Lodge, Lake St. Catherine, Wells, Vermont. For particulars address Miss Mabel Taylor.

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GIRL, 27, educated, personable, desires correspondence with gentleman who does more than set word after word in artistic sequence. Box 127-C.

YOUNG WOMAN, 21, B.A. Teachers College (English, French) interested in literary research; can type, care for children. Desires any congenial work. Box 128-C.

THE CIRCUS offering $13,000 for mouse-colored mare may see my beautiful Morgan 3-year-old. Pastured at University Farm, Boyce, Virginia. For this phenomenon I will accept best offer received within next two weeks. J. W. Mitchell, Manchester Center, Vermont.

MOTHER, daughter 14, small income, want room, board, private family, N. Y. C. Box 129-C.

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PERSONALS

HAS SOME BUSY and intelligent man between 45 and 50 time to write semi-frequently to a woman (ditto) somewhat younger—just for letters? Box 130-C.

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Double-Crostics: No. 173

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-C	2-B	3-G	4-N	5-E	■	6-P	7-M	8-Q	■	9-S	■	10-G	11-Z	12-A	13-P	14-X
15-Q	16-L	■	17-A	18-C	19-K	20-B	21-G	22-Y	■	23-P	24-Q	25-U	■	26-Z	27-N	28-D
29-P	■	30-M	31-I	32-E	33-Y	34-X	35-Z	36-K	■	37-H	■	38-E	39-Y	40-L	41-I	42-U
43-A	44-N	45-W	■	46-V	47-Q	48-S	49-X	50-G	51-U	■	52-U	53-W	54-K	55-E	56-T	57-X
■	58-E	59-P	■	60-W	61-X	62-C	63-A	64-F	65-T	■	66-S	67-R	68-Q	69-F	■	70-H
71-R	■	72-V	73-L	74-A	75-B	76-X	■	77-S	78-C	79-R	■	80-E	81-T	82-G	83-M	84-D
85-W	86-I	87-N	88-Z	89-L	■	90-H	91-Q	92-O	■	93-K	94-U	95-Z	96-E	97-V	98-W	99-Y
100-Q	101-O	■	102-C	103-B	104-G	■	105-Z	106-I	107-D	108-P	109-N	110-E	■	111-L	112-B	113-I
114-N	115-D	116-Z	117-G	118-T	119-C	■	120-K	121-J	122-M	■	123-Z	124-S	125-I	126-P	127-L	■
128-H	129-E	130-Q	131-L	■	132-S	133-C	134-J	135-D	■	136-N	137-U	138-S	139-H	140-R	■	141-G
142-K	143-H	■	144-C	■	145-R	146-Y	147-W	148-M	149-I	■	150-W	151-B	152-P	153-M	■	154-L
155-X	156-J	157-I	158-F	159-S	■	160-U	161-K	■	162-G	163-B	164-V	165-F	166-E	167-C	■	168-O
169-R	170-J	■	171-Z	172-A	173-C	■	174-H	175-R	176-S	■	177-K	178-W	179-V	180-I	181-Y	182-G

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. English poet (1819-1861).

B. Court built by Cardinal Wolsey.

C. Science of the good.

D. Kindled anew.

E. Popular out-of-door game (2 words).

F. Character in "Idylls of the King."

G. Obstinate (comp.).

H. Doctrine of a heretical Jewish sect.

I. Knowing without reasoning.

J. American caricaturist of Tweed days.

K. One aimlessly on the go.

L. Froward.

M. Greek letter.

N. Muse of Music.

O. Letter of Hebrew alphabet.

P. Lycanthrope.

Q. Father of Aeneas.

R. Collectively, acts of supernatural origin.

S. Courier.

T. Routine procedures.

U. Light rich yeast dough.

V. Inclined.

W. Of recent make or purchase (comp.).

X. Restrain.

Y. Itinerant.

Z. Soft mixed wool and silk cloth.

WORDS

17 172 12 74 63 43

2 163 75 20 112 151 103

144 62 102 1 133 78 173 18 167 119

28 84 107 115 135

110 32 38 129 96 5 166 58 55 80

64 69 165 158

182 162 21 10 141 117 82 50 3 104

128 37 139 90 174 143 70

106 86 149 113 157 41 180 125 31

121 134 156 170

36 120 54 142 177 93 19 161

111 16 127 40 131 154 89 73

83 148 153 30 122 7

27 109 136 87 4 114 44

101 168 92

6 126 152 29 23 59 13 108

68 91 100 24 47 15 130 8

175 67 140 169 79 145 71

138 176 132 9 77 159 48 66 124

65 81 118 56

94 52 160 25 42 137 51

179 164 97 46 72

60 178 53 98 45 85 147 150

61 155 57 14 76 34 49

22 146 39 99 181 33

95 26 171 123 88 116 11 105 35

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Trade Winds

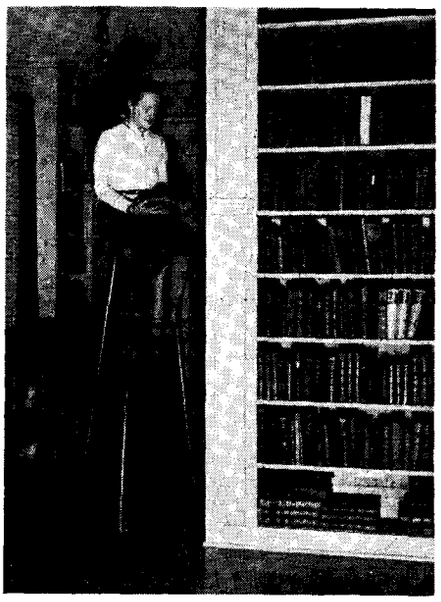
BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

SOME of our science-curious clients have been inquiring about the rash of "sun-spots" now disturbing our small cosmos and threatening to play horse with radio. We refer them to *Terrestrial Magnetic Variations and Aurorae* by E. O. *Hulburt* (Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, D. C.), a reprint from *Reviews of Modern Physics*, January 1937. Very odd is the scientist's observation that magnetic storms tend to recur at approximately 27-day intervals. See Public Libraries for this paper. ☞Inquirers about Magic Squares (a good summer meditation) better have a look as Arnold Dresden's *An Invitation to Mathematics* (Henry Holt), page 217 ff. ☞The most effective piece of advertising I have seen lately was *"Bring 'Em Back Alive"—Drive Safely*, a folder issued by the America For Insurance Group, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C. ☞Speaking of mathematics, Lawford Fry copied out for us an extract from Catalogue 846 of Henry Sotheran, Ltd., about Jesse Ramsden (1735-1800), famous maker of scientific instruments:—

"His favourite scientific authors were Euler and Bouguer, and in advanced year he learned French enough to read Boileau and Molière. Most of his evenings were spent drawing plates by the kitchen fire, a cat on one side, a mug of porter and plate of bread and butter on the other, while some apprentices sat around and he whistled or sang. In consequence of his disregard of gain he left but a small fortune, mostly divided by will among his workmen.—*Agnes M. Clerke.*"

☞Little, Brown have picked up the query from "Compliments of the Season," in our issue of July 10: "Why didn't *Three Comrades*, instead of *The Years*, go to the top of the heap?" In a long news release the publishers suggest two possible reasons: first, that many people think *Three Comrades* is a war book, although the story takes place in 1928—one Boston reviewer actually headed his review, "Another War Book by Remarque"; second, that it has been compared—as a story of Germany's lost generation—with Hemingway. Little, Brown invite discussion of the question from readers.

☞The Dramatists' Guild in collaboration with the WPA Federal Theatre Project offers a prize of $250, and a guaranteed N. Y. production of not less than two weeks, for the best drama submitted by any U. S. resident who has not authored a commercially successful play. The contest closes, according to the announcement, "September 31, 1937." Scripts are to be submitted to the Play Policy Board, WPA Federal Theatre Project, 122 E. 42 St., N. Y. C.



THE TALLEST READING-STOOL IN THE BOOKTRADE

At Maddox House Bookshop, Rockford College, Ill.

☞Scribners announce for fall publication *Everyday Things in America* by William Chauncey Langdon, first of a series of three books to parallel the Quennells' *History of Everyday Things in England.* ☞Q. was glad to find William Sloane's *To Walk the Night* (a really fine scalp-prickler) saying a word in honor of *Adieu Sagesse*, a perfume which (we too dimly remember) the Mermaids used to commend when 45th Street wore knee-pants. ☞*To Walk the Night* is a first-class shudder: *not* the conventional story (though it has a very excellent detective) but a most skilfully imparted gust of chill from Somewhere Else. ☞When we saw Ben Abramson at the Argus Book Shop he heard from B. B. that a carefully guarded allusion here to the B. B. Slip-cases for books (we wanted to be sure that no one purloined the idea) brought inquiries from all over the States and from Hawaii. B. B. (c/o H. G., 129 Columbia Hts., Brooklyn) says "Still taking new and repeat orders, all from one mention in Trade Winds." ☞Pleased also to receive a number of letters from correspondents showing that *Kai Lung* is not forgotten.

☞The person we most envy this warm summer Sunday is a young woman of our acquaintance, age 14, who is reading *The Hound of the Baskervilles* for the first time. She remarks, "Doctor Watson is just leaving for Baskerville Hall. . . ." She wonders if Maxwell Anderson knows that one of the farmhouses in that region was called *High Tor.*

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By Lyle Saxon author of "Fabulous New Orleans"

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